

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE rumors that Secretary Richardson would shortly resign have of course been very numerous during the past fortnight. He is, so far as we can recollect, the only "statesman" similarly situated who has made any delay at all in resigning. But the news comes now from Washington once more that the President will not ask him to resign so long as "he is under fire"—*i.e.*, as long as he is the subject of unfavorable comment on the part of the newspapers. The inconvenience of this view of his position is very obvious, as it involves the likening of the nation at large, which is nearly unanimous in its condemnation of Mr. Richardson, to the public enemy in time of war. The press being free, there is of course no way of procuring general silence from it with regard to the Secretary of the Treasury or any other man, and to insist on its silence as a condition precedent to the removal of a bad officer, would certainly be the introduction of a very startling innovation into the machinery of government. We trust, however, that the press will not be silent. If it owes any duty to the public at all, it is to cry out until Mr. Richardson resigns. That gentleman is not "under fire": he is simply undergoing proper public censure for gross misconduct in a most important office; and he is not an unfortunate soldier: he is a delinquent official who has neglected his duty and made himself the confederate of a band of scoundrels engaged in robbing the taxpayers and defrauding the Treasury. He has been convicted, too, by the proper court of enquiry, and the President's keeping him in office under the circumstances may be kindness, but it is kindness which will not bear defence. That it might be explained, however, we think is the general opinion, and Mr. Richardson is probably not wholly responsible for the position in which he finds himself. There is not much doubt that he got his office as part of an arrangement between Mr. Boutwell and the "Essex Statesman" when the former transferred himself to the Senate, in despair about "the balance of trade."

The Attorney-General on Friday last made his report on the Arkansas muddle. He found that the State constitution made the legislature the sole authority to determine contested elections for the governorship, and that it determined as between Baxter and Brooks in favor of Baxter; that a subsequent application of Brooks to the State Supreme Court for a *quo warrantum* to try the title to the office was denied on the ground that the question lay solely within the jurisdiction of the legislature; that the suit in the Circuit Court in which Brooks afterwards obtained judgment on a demurrer, without leave to the defendants to plead over, was sham, and the judgment void; that Baxter therefore was the lawful governor of the State; that the President could not go behind the decision of the legislature as to the legality of his election, and that he (Baxter) was therefore entitled to the assistance of the Federal Government in suppressing the local revolt. On receipt of the report, the proper proclamation was made calling upon the Brooks men to retire to their homes within ten days. The receipt of the news in Arkansas led to the wildest rejoicing, the sober and industrious and honest portion of the population being on Baxter's side, and the Brooksites betook themselves to their homes, transportation being furnished them by the unfortunate State. The President's decision came late, but it was probably wise to delay it until it had been called for by a quorum of the Legislature, instead of by the disputants only. An effort has been made by the Ring to have the affair revived by Congressional enquiry, but the House refused to comply by a vote of 105 to 94.

There is, however, one little matter of Arkansas politics which Congress will have to investigate, in the shape of a petition from one John M. Bradley, swearing that he was lawfully elected from that State as Congressman-at-large, but that one W. J. Hynes was fraudulently counted in and received the certificate of election; that Bradley thereupon proceeded to contest the seat in the usual manner, but was informed by Hynes that if he would withdraw he should have a sum of money. Bradley acceded to this, and asked for \$5,000, having a large family to support, he says, but allowed himself finally to be cut down to \$1,500, to be paid in three instalments. The first he received cash down; the next was to be paid when Bradley took his seat, and the third when he drew his mileage. The last two have, however, never been paid; and there being manifold signs that Hynes had no intention of paying at all, Bradley has filed his petition as a duty to his wife and children. All we can say in palliation of the conduct of these two Arkansas patriots is that the British Parliament was, in the days of Horace Walpole, shockingly corrupt, as has often of late been pointed out.

The bill known as Mr. Edmunds's, for the distribution of the Geneva award, passed the Senate, as we mentioned last week, but we did not explain the thoroughly disreputable trick by which the insurance companies were shut out from all standing in court. An amendment by Mr. Thurman, providing that they should have the same rights as other claimants, was adopted in the Committee of the Whole by a vote of 31 to 27. After the committee rose, the several amendments made in it were adopted except Mr. Thurman's. By the time this was reached, many senators had gone home to dinner, believing the real business was over, and Mr. Edmunds then pressed a vote, and the amendment was lost. This decision could have been of course reversed next day, but Mr. Edmunds, to make sure of his game, also pressed a motion to reconsider, against Mr. Thurman's protest, and being defeated, it of course killed the amendment finally. No Tammany caucus could have behaved worse. The whole proceeding casts a somewhat comic light on the efforts which are now making in Congress in support of the "principle of arbitration." Mr. Roberts of New York introduced a bill in support of it last week, and this week Mr. Smith, of the same State, has introduced a resolution instructing the President to insert a provision arranging for arbitration in all future treaties with foreign powers. It is as well to say frankly that the proceedings which have taken place thus far with regard to the distribution of the Geneva award are looked upon in other countries as dishonorable, and that all further demand for arbitration from us will, if the present programme is carried out, be treated with polite contempt. The doctrines laid down in both House and Senate as to the position of the United States with regard to the money, are simply fatal to every repetition of the late experiment. It is perhaps unpleasant to believe this, but it is somebody's duty to say it, for many senators and representatives appear to think that we can play the part of sneaking, tricky "claim-agents" in Washington and then strut about Europe as high-minded, scrupulous gentlemen.

As there is a reasonable certainty that a veto is in store for any financial bill by which it is attempted to inflate the currency, and as there is an equal certainty that the majority in Congress is still in favor of expansion, we may say that little or nothing of public interest has been accomplished in the Senate during the week. Mr. Sherman's Currency Bill has all the time been the topic, and expansionist senators and resumptionist senators stand as they stood during the long and tedious three months' debate. Mr. Boutwell, however, has been making a more respectable figure than formerly; and Mr. Washburn, the new Massachusetts senator, shows himself what he has always shown himself, a sound man, creditably fit for any

place in which he has been put. The House has been busy with the Appropriations Bill, in the discussion of which, on Saturday last, one of the worst of our many recent scandals, that involving Mr. James Watson Webb, was brought to light. In the course of the debate on consular appropriations, Mr. Orth, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, made a remark which is curious as coming from one of the most respected members of the House, and a man who need hardly hold either his fellow-members or his constituents in that servile and slavish respect which is a principal ear-mark of the ordinary Congressman. He said that in his own opinion our representatives abroad are insufficiently paid, and that in the case of many of them the salary ought certainly to be raised; but in revising the present legislation on the subject "he had yielded his own conviction to the known sentiment of the House in favor of retrenchment and reform." This is a pleasant conception of "reform," and a lofty conception of a public man's duty. On Tuesday the so-called Moiety Bill went through without even so much as a speech from Butler in behalf of the informers.

The new Finance Bill, reported by the Senate Committee, establishes free banking, abolishes present reserves on circulation, requires banks to hold their other reserves in their own vaults, and requires them to retain one-fourth of the coin received as interest on their bonds, and to keep on deposit, in the Treasury at Washington, as a reserve against circulation, five per cent. of their circulation in greenbacks; allows them to withdraw their circulation on depositing lawful money with the Treasurer of the United States, in sums of not less than \$9,000, a corresponding amount of bank-notes to be destroyed—the bonds on deposit never to be reduced in any case below \$30,000; makes the maximum greenback issue \$382,000,000, and provides that half as many greenbacks shall be retired as new bank-notes are issued, beginning within 30 days after \$1,000,000 circulating notes shall be issued under the act to national banks, until the greenbacks outstanding shall be reduced to \$300,000,000. The bill also provides that on the first day of January, 1877, greenbacks shall be redeemable, at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury, in gold or ten-year gold bonds.

The New York *Bulletin*, which has been doing excellent service in the hard-money cause, has made a calculation of much interest as to the operation of the provisions concerning reserves in the newly-reported currency bill. From this it appears that on February 27 the country banks had \$7,900,000 of lawful money beyond what they would have needed for a reserve of 15 per cent. on their deposits; that the banks of the redemption cities outside of New York were \$1,600,000 short of the amount which would be required under the new law; while the banks of this city were \$23,000,000 in advance of the requirements of the law. These results, however, are modified considerably by the requirements of the five per cent. deposit in the Treasury against circulation, which would take from the country banks \$11,800,000; from the redemption cities \$3,900,000; and from this city \$1,400,000, making a total withdrawal of \$17,100,000. A considerable proportion of this amount would have to be withdrawn from New York, and the banks of this city would be kept in a condition as to reserves far from conducive to a steady money market; and probably we should have at the financial centre of the country the same liability to periodic violent contractions of loans which has existed during late years with so much injury to commerce; nor is it to be overlooked that this condition of things would also become much more aggravated in proportion as the volume of the legal-tenders was reduced. This change in the reserve laws would be calculated to defeat the whole purpose of the bill by keeping our financial machinery constantly deranged; and the only way of avoiding that result would be to repeal all laws relating to reserves, and leave the regulation of that part of banking to the discretion of the banks, so that the financial centres might be able to respond to the requirements of the seasons, and maintain confidence in the steadiness of the money market. This is the weakest point in this compromise measure.

Judge Hoar brought to the notice of the House on Saturday a very disagreeable scandal, in which General James Watson Webb is the principal actor. It appears that a Peruvian vessel was sold as incapable of repair in a Brazilian port in 1842, on application of the master, after a survey by the local authorities, who appeared to have acted in fraudulent collusion with him, and the insurance was paid by the underwriters in this country, who finally sued the master and got judgment against him, but apparently no money from him. They then assigned their claim to a man named Wells, who was once United States consul in Brazil, but was dismissed for improper practices, and he presented it as a claim against the Brazilian Government through our Government in the regular way in 1855 or 1857. The Brazilian Government denied all responsibility, and the matter lay in abeyance until General Webb was appointed to the Brazilian mission. During the war, Mr. Seward, wishing to avoid all complications with foreign powers, and having no great opinion of its merits, instructed him not to press the claim, and General Webb in his correspondence expressed himself unfavorably about it. In 1867, however, while Brazil was at war with Paraguay, he suddenly revived it, pushed it vigorously, and threatened to demand his passport if it were not instantly paid. £14,252 sterling was accordingly paid him, under protest, in three drafts on London. Of this he transmitted £5,000 to Washington; £3,352 appears to have been expended in some manner in Brazil; and the remaining draft for £5,900 was paid into General Webb's private account in London. Our Government, being fully satisfied that the claim was unjust, proposed to refund the money, and then ascertained for the first time that Brazil had paid more than £5,000. All efforts to obtain an explanation from General Webb, who is now in England, have, Judge Hoar says, proved fruitless, and the House has now voted \$57,500 to repay the Brazilian Government in full. General Alexander Stewart Webb writes to the papers that his father will probably return home immediately, and assures his friends "that they will be well satisfied with the exposition he will be able to make of what is most certainly the result of wilful suppression of despatches or a slanderous personal attack."

The Ways and Means Committee have been trying to discover without much success what the Boston lawyer Prescott did with \$43,000 paid him by Sanborn. This sum was put down in Sanborn's so-called account submitted to the committee some time ago, as paid to Prescott, who is one of those mysterious counsellors who have offices in the same building with General Butler, and who receive and disburse large sums of money without keeping any books or making entries of any kind. Prescott cannot state anything about the way in which the greater part of this money was expended except that it was for "information," and he does not think that he can make any disclosures on account of the confidential nature of the business. The Committee seem to have been much amused at this witness's behavior, and "roars of laughter" are spoken of as the only substantial result of his testimony. Another Boston lawyer, a Mr. Dickinson, has given the Committee "a succinct history of Prescott's career," in which the latter is charged with blackmailing and breach of confidence while a clerk in the Internal Revenue Bureau.

For various reasons, General Howard has long been the subject of bitter dislike. There are many people who have never forgiven the Freedmen's Bureau, of which he has been the zealous manager, for being established. And in the working of that organization, so far as many of its subordinate officers were concerned, there need be no doubt whatever that many absurdities and many rascalities were perpetrated by several sorts of people, among whom were some enthusiasts and not a few philanthropists of the hypocritical, thieving kind. Of both these classes of people General Howard, as we understand the matter, was a very poor judge, and it is well known that a natural incapacity for judging men is in his case deepened by that religious piety which often makes it extremely

difficult for a sincerely religious person to judge "the brethren." It is no wonder, then, that the Bureau and the College of which General Howard has been the head have been the scene of a great deal of mismanagement and a great deal of knavery; and of a failure to prevent or suppress this General Howard must be held to be guilty. The task was one of great difficulty, but guilty is hardly too strong a word for the conduct of a man who voluntarily assumed the responsibility which General Howard assumed, and who has been in part the cause of so much suffering as can be laid at his door. But it is gratifying to hear that of the heavier charges that were brought against him, involving his personal integrity, he has been not only completely cleared, but also unanimously cleared, by a military court whose ability and authority nobody can question. He has a good deal to reproach himself with, and a good deal to console him.

A terrible destruction of life and property in Massachusetts has been caused by the breaking down of the Goshen dam in the beautiful valley of Mill River, one of the tributaries of the Connecticut. About one hundred and fifty lives have been lost, one million dollars of property destroyed, and a good part of four villages swept away. A committee of the Massachusetts Legislature has been appointed to enquire into and report upon the causes of the disaster, though there seems to be a general agreement of opinion already that it was caused by lack of proper care in the construction of the dam. With the usual readiness of our American communities to go to the help of people struck by calamities such as this, collections are everywhere on foot, and have already reached a considerable sum.

This disaster has had a happy effect on some of our contemporaries, though we must confess that their moral zeal leads them to somewhat illogical lengths, it being apparently the opinion of the *Evening Post* that a connection may be traced between the bad construction of dams and protection to American manufactures, or, in its own words, "as a man stands by the unfilled grave of one for the moulding of whose life he was responsible, so the Commonwealth of Massachusetts stands before the corpses of the two hundred victims of the Williamsburg calamity. Let it search its heart." This reflection, however, is open to the objection that a protectionist may point to accidents of this kind in England, a country notoriously abandoned to free-trade, and where, since the abolition of protection, these accidents have become so common as to furnish a staple incident to writers of fiction. The *World*, on the other hand, possibly having in mind the recent visit of Schuyler Colfax to the Connecticut Valley for the purpose of delivering a lecture to the Odd-Fellows, is inclined to trace the disaster to "radical misrule," and says: "But all this will be of little worth if the people of Hampshire, of Boston, and of Massachusetts fail to recognize in the disaster which has just overtaken their commonwealth an echo only of the thunder-voices which have been proclaiming for so many months past, North and South, East and West, the *Dies Irae* of that reign of rascality, carelessness, egotism, and general dishonesty which has been gradually eating out the life of our political and civil order ever since the close of the great civil war"—a declaration so much too broad that the *Times* has been led to call it "improving the occasion with a vengeance," and to declare roundly that, though it has no sympathy with the manufacturers, it is totally disgusted with journalism.

The Manhattan Club "Hard-money, Free-trade, and Home-rule" Democracy, as distinguished from the other Democracy, has had the gratification of seeing Mr. William Eaton put in nomination for the Connecticut senatorship now held by Mr. Buckingham. The party could not have given better evidence of its constancy to the ancient landmarks, nor better illustration of the obstinate vitality of parties, all of which must be as pleasing to the Manhattan Club leaders as it is to the "Liberals," who have not allowed the Connecticut Democracy to want for most excellent advice. There are several

senses in which the Connecticut people might have done worse than elect Mr. Eaton. For one thing, his principal opponent was a Mr. W. H. Barnum, now in Congress, where, according to all report, he makes a most inattentive and inefficient Congressman, and one who is understood to be anything but a purist in politics. In fact, it is well known that it is his money alone which gives him such prominence as he has in Connecticut politics. Apart from that, he is a thoroughly commonplace man. For another thing, Mr. Eaton has several qualities which may make him very useful in the Senate, though that "the old man," as his admiring friends call him, is to electrify the country as most of his fellow-citizens have known him to electrify assemblages in town-halls, may be doubted. He is known as a man of integrity, and he is a man not only of courage but of pugnacity. This he showed throughout the war of the rebellion by being an out-and-out "copperhead" and a thorough-going advocate of the right of the South to secede. Apparently, he was in all sincerity unable to perceive that a constitution—and one that provides for its own indefinite amendment—may yet in a sudden stress be properly subject to violence. Mr. Eaton, without having Mr. Jeremiah Black's ability—at least, he has not taken Mr. Black's rank—is of his school of strict constructionists. That this now constitutes as grave an objection to him as it would have done ten years ago there will be few to say.

The Wisconsin roads seem to have succeeded in bringing the railroad question to a crisis, proceedings against one or more of them having been begun by the State for the forfeiture of charters. This will carry the question before the Supreme Court of the United States, and we shall then get some authoritative opinion as to whether corporations have any vested rights whatever. It is very fortunate that the matter is brought to a direct issue, and that the roads have not resorted to any roundabout device for getting their old rates while appearing to obey the law. We have had quite enough already of this kind of obedience to the law in the case of the liquor-dealers. The Advisory Committee of the Illinois State Farmers' Association, "representing 1,216 farmers' clubs and a voting population of 200,000," have held a meeting recently, and resolved to call a convention to meet at Springfield on June 10, seven days before the time fixed for the Republican Convention. What the programme for this Farmers' Convention is seems not to be definitely decided, but, to judge from an address delivered at Bloomington on the 9th of this month by Mr. Charles W. Greene, Secretary of the National Agricultural Congress, the tone taken toward capital will be more moderate than that of a year ago. In his address he says that he deprecates any conflict between capital and labor; which, in the present condition of both, we are very glad to hear.

On Saturday last the De Broglie Ministry was defeated, for reasons of which we have attempted some explanation elsewhere, in an endeavor to bring up the electoral law in the Assembly—over thirty Legitimists having joined the Left for this occasion, though they wished it to be understood that their opposition did not mean want of confidence in general. The result was the immediate resignation of the Ministry, followed by an attempt to form one on the part of M. Gouraud, which failed. At this writing the Dues Decazes and d'Audriffet-Pasquier have also been tried, and refused. The difficulties of the situation are in fact all but insurmountable, as the "Left Centre," which is the great reliance of all French politicians in time of trouble, has got out of hand, and both the Left and Right are equally anxious to force a crisis. Tranquillity is assured by McMahon's command of the army. The dissolution of the Assembly appears more probable than it has yet been, but what would come of it nobody can say. The telegraphic accounts of the situation are, however, so meagre and confused that speculation is almost idle. The news from Spain is unimportant, but shows that the Carlists are still active. Nothing further is known of Serrano's intentions with regard to the civil government, but the indications point to an Alfonsist restoration.

GOVERNMENT AID TO SOUTHERN ADVENTURERS.

WE cannot but hope that the settlement of the Arkansas controversy indicates the initiation of a new policy towards the Southern States on the part of the Administration. After all that has happened during the last five years, it must be admitted that it is a little unsafe to speculate as to what course the President will pursue on any question, but the signs that he has seen the error of his ways in the matter of meddling at the South are certainly unusually strong. He took a long time to discharge the duty imposed on him by the Constitution and the laws of deciding who was governor of Arkansas, but the decision when it came had the great merit of being sound and carefully considered, and therefore likely to make a complete ending of strife. It has one other merit, which is perhaps even greater, viz., that of having been made in complete disregard of the notorious persons who do duty in Washington as senators from Arkansas. This strikes at the root of the evil of recent Federal interference. It was the precedents set in Louisiana which really brought about the Arkansas trouble, because they seemed to create a system of government which promised as many rewards to intrigue and violence in this country as in Guatemala or Costa Rica. Indeed, in some respects the position of the Southern States of the Union since reconstruction has been worse than that of any South American state. In the most poorly governed community of that region, or of any other, it is always open to the men of intelligence and thrift and prosperity to deliver themselves from the rule of ignorance and corruption by an appeal to arms, or, in other words, by a resort to the time-honored remedy of revolution. In the worst ages, and under the worst rulers, the oppressed and plundered have usually found some consolation in the consciousness that if the yoke became unbearable, a union among the braver, better-educated, and honest elements of society might by force bring about reform. If, they said to themselves, it should really prove impossible to put an end to these infamies by peaceable means, we have such an advantage over the rascals in capacity, in power of combination, and command of money and other resources of civilization, that we can, if we must, rise on them, and kill them or drive them out of the country. Moreover, the rascals have usually been sufficiently conscious of all this to be restrained by it in some degree. Their rule has never lasted very long in any civilized country without stimulating the sense of order into such activity as to create a power sufficient to furnish security for life and property; so that it may be almost laid down as a rule, that the majority never continues to govern for any great length of time unless it represents, at least in a rough way, the intelligence and accumulations of the community. There is nothing more curious and interesting in modern history than De Tocqueville's sketch, in one of his Fragments on the Revolution, of the way in which the army in France, after having dissolved before popular opinion in 1789, gradually grew into a living force as the Revolutionary government declined in authority and anarchy spread through the country, until at last it formed, as it were, a new organized society in the midst of the general confusion and helplessness, and finally seized the government and took charge of the nation, with the secret approbation of every man who owned or wished honestly to acquire property. There is no community now in the enjoyment of hereditary civilization in which this same process would not be witnessed to-day under like circumstances.

What has been most deplorable in the condition of the Southern States since the war is, that we have undertaken to prevent this natural remedy for their disorders from being applied. We have set up in South Carolina, for instance, a system of government which converts the majority into a gang of robbers making war on civilization and morality, and have pledged ourselves to prevent the minority from resisting or overthrowing them. We venture to say that no parallel for such a state of things is to be found in history. A power which undertakes to prevent rebellion has always—we believe there is no exception to this rule—hitherto undertaken to

supply protection against predatory legislation on the part of the majority as well as against open violence. If there was any oppression to be done, it has always done it itself, and the very strength which has enabled it to oppress has usually prevented the oppression from being wholly unbearable. But in South Carolina and Louisiana we find governments, which have not strength enough to exist for ten days if left alone, perpetrating enormities on which the Czar would not venture towards Poland, or the British Empire towards the Santals of the Indian jungles, simply because they have the United States behind them guaranteeing their existence.

This state of things, besides encouraging the plunder and oppression of the decent people of the community, has naturally led to quarrels between the rulers themselves. The possession of power which is well-nigh absolute, and which involves no responsibility or risk, is of course a tempting prize, and it is a prize which the Government at Washington has virtually, for the last three or four years, been offering to the competition of all the political adventurers at the South. Consequently, far from directing their attention to improving the condition of the unhappy people thus placed at their mercy, or trying in any way to conciliate local opinion, they have occupied themselves mainly and solely in intriguing at Washington for the favor of the President or Attorney-General, through the State delegations, and have made past or prospective service to the Administration the foundation of claims to its support. This was so successful in Louisiana, where the sham process of a drunken Federal judge proved sufficient to procure the reorganization of the State government under the protection of the military forces of the United States, that it was the most natural thing in the world that it should have occurred to Brooks to try it in Arkansas. As soon as he found he was sure of the support of the State senators in Washington, he got a snap judgment on a demurrer (in the absence of the opposing counsel) from a corrupt court, and then, without waiting for a writ, rushed into the State-house and turned out the governor, who had been in office for more than a year, with no more ceremony than if he had been a burglar. He concluded of course that, this done, all that was needed was to fortify himself and keep up the semblance of a "war," until the senators had done the work of winning over the President and Attorney-General in Washington; and with Kellogg's case fresh in his mind this did not seem difficult. About the opinions, feelings, or interests of the people of Arkansas he evidently did not care one cent, and was prepared to keep the State in anarchy for a year if necessary, or ruin its industrial interests, in true South American fashion, sooner than abate one jot of his pretensions.

The decision of the Administration, though tardy, will do excellent service, therefore, in showing that "working" at Washington cannot always be relied on to support pronunciamientos at the South, and that local law and usage and opinion do really count for something in settling the question of title to Southern offices. The example would doubtless have been more effectual if it had come sooner. What right the President had to use troops to prevent Baxter (whom he now recognizes as the lawful governor, and who had been notoriously and without serious dispute the *de-facto* governor for nearly a month prior to Brooks's irruption into the State-house) from attacking and arresting Brooks, and retaking possession of the State-house, we do not know, and nobody has as yet explained. There is not one word in the Attorney-General's opinion about this extraordinary assumption of power, and we have yet to hear of anybody who pretends that there is any legal foundation for it. In the present case, we are all so pleased with the President's decision—so glad indeed that he has decided at all—that we are ready to overlook or forgive the use made of Federal troops to prevent the exercise of lawful authority, just as we are so pleased with the veto that we are disposed to forget all about Simmons. It is impossible not to see in it a stretch of authority which might really become dangerous; and the disregard of law by officers of the Executive Department of the Government has of late been so common that it deserves more than a passing mention.

To be sure, as Baxter has been recognized, it seems as if no harm had been done by the temporary restraint placed on him; but if Brooks had been recognized it is easy to see what a powerful stimulus this month of Federal protection would have given to such violent modes of settling political differences. As matters stand, Brooks has really enjoyed, through Federal interference, a month's respite from the proper consequences of his crime, and the effects of even this must be bad. If the Federal troops interfered at all, they ought to have reinstated the governor in the State-house, and let the rival claimant carry on his "war" elsewhere. Of course bloodshed is a bad thing, which ought to be avoided if possible, but it is not the worst thing, and ought not to be avoided at *any* cost.

THE CRISIS AT VERSAILLES.

THE disaster which has overtaken the De Broglie Ministry in France has been impending ever since the discussion arose as to the exact nature of the Septennat. Marshal MacMahon has for some months made no secret of the fact that he considers himself firmly seated for seven years, and that he looks on himself as a necessity to the country for at least that period. Indeed, the late circular of the Minister of Justice, warning the press against discussions calling in question the Marshal's right to rule for the full term, and which was thoroughly discussed at a cabinet meeting, is said to have been the result of a distinct intimation from him that they would have to see to it that no delusions prevailed on this subject. The declaration which followed was naturally satisfactory to everybody but the Right. All the other parties have, or fancy they have, everything to gain by the prolongation of the interregnum. It is particularly satisfactory to the Moderate Republicans, who foresee no difficulty in converting the marshalate, at the expiration of MacMahon's term, into a real république; and the Left, too, are by no means displeased with the position, as it saves them from a worse thing. M. Laboulaye, who is fairly entitled to speak with some authority for both shades of opinion, recently addressed a letter to the Marshal in the *Journal des Débats*, assuring him of Republican support in his efforts to preserve the present situation against monarchical attacks. The Bonapartists, on the other hand, believe that the thing most needful to them is time; that as the Prince Imperial grows older, and as the peasantry continue to compare the condition of France at present with its condition during the eighteen years of the Empire, their cause gains in strength. They are confirmed in this belief by the revival of their party all over the country; by the unexpected outburst of devotion produced by the Prince's attaining his majority; and by the reappearance on the scene, with many signs of welcome, of such loyal and notorious adherents of the Empire as Emile Ollivier. They are, therefore, very willing to have MacMahon hold on to power and to keep down the aspirations of all other cliques. Indeed, the only persons disposed to complain are the men of the Extreme Right, and they have just avenged themselves on the ministry in a fashion which may bring about some unexpected complications, and may even lead to a dissolution of the Assembly.

The Due de Broglie has for some time had greatly at heart the creation of "institutions" to build the government on, so as to have a permanent structure of some kind in existence by the time the Assembly is dissolved or the Septennat comes to an end. At present, there is nothing permanently established in French government. Both the present legislature and executive are makeshifts, which derive all their power, as everybody acknowledges, from the absence of anything to take their place and their possession of the army, and everybody admits that some provision must be made for their coming to an end. The obvious mode of meeting the difficulty, in American eyes, would be the election of a convention to draft a constitution and submit it to the people, but this is about the last thing which any party in France thinks of, and, indeed, it would be opposed to all French political traditions. The Republicans are willing enough to have a convention elected, provided it is charged with the duty of establishing a republic—that is, provided the Re-

public is treated as a foregone conclusion; the Legitimists are, *mutatis mutandis*, in the same state of mind. The Bonapartists, too, who clamor most loudly for a plébiscite, only propose to submit one question to the popular vote, and that is, whether the young man at Chiselhurst shall or shall not be hereditary ruler of France—which is perhaps as odd a question as was ever asked by a party which professes to derive all power from the popular will. Hereditary rulers, in all other countries, reign by the grace of God only, but it is one of the curiosities of French polities that it contains a party which maintains the right of a man to be *elected* to the throne because another man was his father—that is, they hold that he is entitled by the grace of God to a majority at the polls—which is, perhaps, as curious a jumble of old and new ideas as the modern world has witnessed. There is, in fact, no disposition in France to leave the form of government to be settled by the majority, and there being no general agreement, as in this country, as to what the form of government ought to be, an appeal to the country, which is here a peaceful process, involving only questions of detail, has there the character of a revolution; and a revolution in France is another name for all sorts of horrors. No party is therefore willing to make this appeal, unless the fundamental question is first settled and it has its own man in the executive chair. Each is clamorous for a popular vote when it believes it has secured these things, but no sooner.

The Due de Broglie and his colleagues are at heart monarchists, but they have sense enough to know that the blunders of the monarchists have been so great that the tide of popular feeling is running against monarchy as they propose it, though what it is running *for* is an open question, and they know also that the present régime cannot last very much longer. They are accordingly engrossing their brains over the problem which has vexed all French politicians ever since 1815; namely, how to restore what they call "moral order"—that is, how to get the constituencies to vote for the men whom the central power marks out as fit to hold office. The Restoration, the Monarchy of July, and the République of 1848, have all worked at this task with ardor. Indeed, no party has engaged in it so zealously as the Republicans, and nothing in the way of intimidating or cajoling voters ever surpassed or even equalled the machinery devised for that purpose by Ledru Rollin and his colleagues in 1848, and the circulars issued by them for the guidance of the electioneering commissaires sent down into the provinces have had no parallel as specimens of official impudence.

De Broglie and his friends are, in fact, only walking timidly in a well-worn path. He desires to "purify the suffrage" by an electoral law embodying devices which really would impose little or no restriction on the expression of the popular will, and which, if it issued from a constitutional convention in this State, would excite little hostility. But emanating from a set of men who are just now out of sympathy with the majority of the voters, and who hardly conceal their desire to curb them, the changes it proposes simply act as irritants. If he had succeeded in this, he had ready a plan for establishing an Upper Chamber composed of notables, sitting permanently, and armed with power to dissolve the Lower Chamber, and one for the reform of the municipalities, in a conservative sense, which he would have brought forward in due course. The rage of the Legitimists has, however, cut short his career, as enough of them went over to the Left for this occasion to defeat him on Saturday afternoon, on a preliminary motion, by a majority of 64.

The difficulty he has had to contend with, and before which he has fallen, is one which it is folly to suppose any other cabinet or party will avoid or overcome. The reason why Versailles is a hotbed of intrigue, and the future of the Government uncertain, is one which would produce precisely the same state of things in Washington or London—viz., the absence of settled limits to political changes and combinations, and of a strong and all-powerful public opinion furnishing to political combatants a court of last resort. As long as this state of things lasts, the possibilities of French polities are endless. All the governments which have been

set up in France since 1815 have been the result of pure accident. They were set up because four or five individuals happened on a particular day and in a particular place to have more audacity and presence of mind than other people, or because a watch was slow, or a clock broke down, or a door was locked. The proceedings at Versailles are not, therefore, as some simple-minded people here think, the debates of politicians struggling with ordinary parliamentary weapons for a chance to express the popular will in legislation; they are rather the struggles of gamblers to get close to a gaming-table on which a turn of the wheel may any moment bring a fortune or entail ruin, and on which nobody ventures to calculate or prophesy, though everybody is ready to offer or take odds. Improvement in French affairs is not, therefore, to be looked for at the seat of government. It must come from the provinces in the shape of the growth of a sound and healthy and intelligent preference for one form of government over another, not as something less dangerous than another, but as something on which the country has settled as best suited to the national manners, and traditions, and aspirations. Until this has been brought about, a change of ministry will simply mean that Gambetta, or Thiers, or Rouher, or Brun has bet on the red, or white, or black, and won.

WHO SHALL DIRECT THE NATIONAL SURVEYS?

ONLY a few years ago the great central mountain region of our part of the American continent was an almost unexplored and inaccessible waste. It was roamed over by the scout and the hunter; the agents of the fur companies, and one or two adventurous exploring expeditions, had given an outline view of its structure, but nothing more. It offered but scanty resources for supporting the life of man and beast; what it had was claimed and jealously guarded by formidable bands of Indians. The change at the present time is a vast one. Necessity of communication with our Pacific States, and the discovery of abundant mineral wealth in the elevated ranges, added to the natural advance of population from either frontier, have carried roads and railroads successfully across the great barrier, despite mountains and deserts and savages, have scattered everywhere mining settlements and patches of green farms, and have planted organized society where the buffalo and his native herdsman had lately ruled alone. Yet the work of reduction to the uses of civilization is only in its beginning. The supporting and restraining hand of the General Government is still needed, and its aid in the development of resources which have only to be brought fully to light in order to return to the nation far more than the cost of the help furnished. Hence the various exploring and scientific enterprises under national auspices and at national expense—enterprises which no local governments will for a long time, if ever, be in condition to undertake, because of the vastness of the territory, with its thin population and slender resources—enterprises which call for the best scientific skill, combined with practical capacity and exceptional courage and activity, and which enure to the immense advantage of science and to the credit of the nation for enlightened policy in the eyes of the world, though their directly-impelling motives be of a more practical character.

During the early period the available agency for carrying on this work was especially military. Peaceful or hostile transactions between the army and the Indian tribes brought observant white men into the Indian country. If expeditions entered it, they had to be large and well-armed, and to lean for support on the scattered military posts. And in the dearth of organized schools of science in the country, that measure of topographical training which was gained at West Point furnished as good a preparation as was attainable for geographical work. It was mainly under the War Department then that explorations were undertaken and reports made and maps drawn. A goodly mass of material (of very unequal value) was thus collected and in part made public, and a bird's-eye view of the country was obtained. But—as could not, indeed, well be otherwise—a taint of want of thoroughness and trustworthiness rested on it all. The circumstances were unfavorable to anything but reconnaissance work. The army officers were not, after all, trained men of science; exploration for the benefit of general knowledge was not their business; they did not appreciate the needs of the scientific workers whom they carried with them, nor sympathize with their spirit; and they did not allow scientific interests a due place in competition with military and practical ones. The imperfect character of the results obtained has been painfully felt by scientific men, and has had to be acknowledged and apologized for by those who won them. Thus, for example, at a meeting of the National Academy in the summer of 1869, one of the most

eminent geologists and geographers in the country made a sharp attack upon the system of army explorations and its fruits; and he was met by the military members of the Academy with the plea that army officers had done all that, under the circumstances, and considering their education to another business, could fairly be expected of them, and that for this they deserved gratitude rather than blame. And the general justice of the defense cannot fail to be acknowledged; the country has good reason to thank these men for what, stepping aside from their own proper work, they have done for a scientific knowledge of the West.

But in this respect also the condition of things has greatly changed. While every unexplored region has come to be within reach of settlements where facilities for fitting out expeditions are to be had, and while the Indian tribes have been in great part reduced to innocuousness, the whole position of science in the country has been correspondingly advanced. There are schools which, in all branches required to make the successful scientific explorer, give a higher and more thorough training than West Point can afford. Hence a great improvement in the quality of the scientific work accomplished in various parts of the West has been made in the hands and under the direction of civilian men of science called to their profession by native impulse and specially educated for it. The thorough exploration and accurate description and mapping of extensive mountain regions was begun in California, under Professor J. D. Whitney, and no maps of any part of the continent have yet appeared equal to those produced by the Geological Survey of that State. In this school of practice were trained Clarence King and his geographical coadjutor, James T. Gardner; and their Survey of the 40th Parallel, of which the final results are now rapidly approaching publication, attained, with more ample means, a yet higher standard of work. King's survey was made under the formal auspices of the War Department, but it was entirely a civilian work in its conception, its methods, and its execution. The Hayden surveys, the most widely known of all, have been going on for many years, with rich results of every class and a constantly and rapidly rising standard, under a chief of indomitable energy and enterprise, of marked capacity in widely varied departments, and of enthusiastic devotion to the cause; there has gathered about him an able body of assistants and an auxiliary corps of specialists comprising some of the best known names in the country; and the addition to it, last year, of Mr. Gardner, in principal charge of the geographical division of its labors, brought it a marked increase of strength and of public confidence. Major Powell, also, commencing as a private explorer, with limited means but with wonderful daring and perseverance, has worked out the great problem of the Colorado cañon and its tributaries, and made collections of immense value, now about coming to publication. And Professor Marsh of Yale College has carried extensive paleontological raids into difficult and dangerous country, not under direction of the army, but with its aid and protection most liberally afforded, with what distinguished success every one knows.

All this is as it should be. Scientific exploration, once left to the leisure of army officers, and followed by them as a *hors d'aure*, or committed to savants whom they took along upon toleration in the train of their military expeditions, is now falling into the hands of the men to whom it belongs—men fitted for it by natural gift and particular education—men whose lives are devoted to it, whose reputation depends upon it, and who bring to it a zeal and enthusiasm certainly not inferior to the best which the votaries of any profession display. We can only wish that their work may go on, with such support as Congress shall deem it consistent with the public interests to afford, until all the secrets of the structure of our continent and all its resources are laid open to our knowledge and to that of the world.

It appears, however, that the War Department looks with something of jealousy—a natural jealousy, perhaps, at which we ought not to be surprised—at this interference of civilians with what had once been its exclusive province; and its dissatisfaction, long expressed freely in private, has now taken shape in a demand brought recently before Congress and strongly urged, that all national scientific surveys be placed under the control of the Engineering Bureau of that Department and directed by army officers. It is in view of this demand that we have undertaken a general review of the merits of the case, if perchance we may contribute something toward its settlement. To the educated science of the country, the movement seems a most unreasonable one. The feeling and opinion of scientific men are, we venture to say, well-nigh or altogether unanimous against it. A strong remonstrance has been sent to Washington from some of the leading educational institutions—Yale, Harvard, and others—signed by all their scientific professors; and more and stronger will be likely to follow, if there shall seem to be any danger that so invidious a selection of the graduates of one school, and that a military one, to take charge of the public scientific interests of the country, will be decreed by Congress. The plea that it would be economy to employ

the educated engineers in the topographical work for which they have been trained at the public cost, is good to a certain extent, but not further. If there is a proper harmony among the various departments of the public service, those officers whom education and disposition fit for scientific exploration, and from whom the exigencies of the country do not require attention to their more proper duties, may well enough be detailed for special scientific work. Nor need there be any interference with those reconnaissances and surveys and explorations which have genuine military reasons. But it is little short of absurd that scientific work should be voted a military matter, to be carried on only under the oversight of men who have military education. Unless, indeed, experience had already shown, or should show hereafter, that scientific men are not to be found who are capable of directing surveys as well as of doing the work required upon them; or that the methods of military topography are the best basis for the complete geographical and geological exploration of a region; or that civilians work more happily and effectively under the government of military men—and there are facts in abundance to disprove each and every one of these hypotheses. It would seem little less unnatural that the Navy Department should claim to undertake the management of the foreign diplomatic service because it has well-educated officers lying idle and ships to carry them to their destinations, and because, in the case of the Japanese treaty, it did such a successful stroke of work as rarely falls to the lot of even the best-managed state department. Army and navy are often good initiators; but there comes a time when, in all the proper arts of peace, *arma cedunt togæ*. And if the country has more educated military talent than it needs for military purposes, profitable occupation can surely be found for it without putting it in authority over scientific men engaged in carrying on the work for which they have been trained and to which they have devoted their lives.

TUSCAN CITIES.

FLORENCE, April 18.

THE cities I mean are Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, and Pistoia, among which I have been spending the last few days. The most striking fact as to Leghorn, it must be conceded at the outset, is that, being in Tuscany, it should be so scantily Tuscan. The traveller curious in local color must content himself with the deep blue expanse of the Mediterranean. The streets, away from the docks, are modern, genteel, and rectangular. Liverpool might acknowledge them if it were not for their fresh-colored stucco. They are the offspring of the new industry, which is death to the old idleness. Of picturesque architecture, fruit of the old idleness, or at least of the old leisure, Leghorn is singularly destitute. It has neither a church worth one's attention, nor a municipal palace, nor a museum, and it may claim the distinction, unique in Italy, of being the city of no pictures. In a shabby corner, near the docks, stands a statue of one of the elder grand-dukes of Tuscany, appealing to posterity on grounds now vague—chiefly that of having placed certain Moors under tribute. Four colossal negroes, in very bad bronze, are chained to the base of the monument, which forms with their assistance a sufficiently fantastic group; but to patronize the arts is not the line of the Livornese, and, for want of the slender annuity which would keep its precinct sacred, this curious memorial is buried in docks and rubbish. I must add that, on the other hand, there is a very well-conditioned and, in attitude and gesture, extremely realistic statue of Cavour in one of the city squares, and a couple of togaed effigies of recent grand-dukes in another. Leghorn is a city of magnificent spaces, and it was so long a journey from the sidewalk to the pedestal of these images that I never took the time to go and read the inscriptions. And in truth, vaguely, I bore the originals a grudge, and wished to know as little about them as possible; for it seemed to me that as *patres patriæ*, in their degree, they might have decreed that the great blank, ochre-faced *piazza* should be a trifle less ugly. There is a distinct amenity, however, in any experience of Italy, and I shall probably in the future not be above sparing a light regret to several of the hours of which the one I speak of was composed. I shall remember a large, cool, bourgeois villa in a garden, in a noiseless suburb—a middle-aged villa, roomy and stony, as an Italian villa should be. I shall remember that, as I sat in the garden, and, looking up from my book, saw through a gap in the shrubbery the red house-tiles against the deep blue sky and the gray underside of the ilex leaves turned up by the Mediterranean breeze, I had a vague consciousness that I was not in the Western world.

If you should happen to wish to do so, you must not go to Pisa, and indeed we are most of us forewarned as to Pisa from an early age. Few of us can have had a childhood so unblessed by contact with the arts as that one of its occasional diversions should not have been a puzzled scrutiny of some alabaster model of the Leaning Tower under a glass cover in a back-parlor. Pisa and its monuments have, in other words, been industriously vulgarized,

but it is astonishing how well they have survived the process. The charm of Pisa is, in fact, a charm of a high order, and is but partially foreshadowed by the famous crookedness of its *campanile*. I felt it irresistibly and yet almost inexpressibly the other afternoon, as I made my way to the classic corner of the city through the warm, drowsy air, which nervous people come to inhale as a sedative. I was with an invalid companion, who had had no sleep to speak of for a fortnight. "Ah! stop the carriage," said my friend, gaping, as I could feel, deliciously, "in the shadow of this old slumbering palazzo, and let me sit here and close my eyes, and taste for an hour of oblivion." Once strolling over the grass, however, out of which the four marble monuments rise, we awaked responsively enough to the present hour. Most people remember the happy remark of tasteful, old-fashioned Forsyth (who touched a hundred other points in his 'Italy' hardly less happily) as to three beautiful buildings being "fortunate alike in their society and their solitude." It must be admitted that they are more fortunate in their society than we felt ourselves to be in ours, for the scene presented the animated appearance for which, on any fine spring day, all the choicest haunts of ancient quietude in Italy are becoming yearly more remarkable. There were clamorous beggars at all the sculptured portals, and bait for beggars, in abundance, trailing in and out of them under convoy of loquacious *ciceroni*. I forget just how I apportioned the responsibility of intrusion, for it was not long before fellow-tourists and fellow-countrymen became a vague, deadened, muffled presence, like the dentist's last words when he is giving you ether. They suffered a sort of mystical disintegration in the dense, bright, tranquil atmosphere of the place. The cathedral and its companions are fortunate indeed in everything—fortunate in the spacious angle of the gray old city-wall, which folds about them in their sculptured elegance like a strong protecting arm; fortunate in the broad green sward which stretches from the marble base of cathedral and cemetery to the rugged foot of the rampart; fortunate in the little vagabonds who dot the grass, plucking daisies and exchanging Italian cries; fortunate in the pale-gold tone to which time and the soft sea-damp have mellowed and darkened their marble plates; fortunate, above all, in an indescribable gracefulness of grouping (half-hazard, half-design), which ensures them, in one's memory of things admired, very much the same isolated corner which they occupy in the pleasant city.

Of the smaller cathedrals of Italy, I know none that I prefer to that of Pisa; none which, on a moderate scale, produces more the impression of a great church. Indeed, it seems externally of such moderate size that one is surprised at its grandeur of effect within. An architect of genius, for all that he works with colossal blocks and cumbrous pillars, is certainly the most cunning of all artists. The façade of the cathedral of Pisa is a small pyramidal screen, covered with delicate carvings and chasings, distributed over a series of short columns upholding narrow arches. It looks like an imitation of goldsmith's work in stone, and the space covered is apparently so small that there seems a fitness in the dainty labor. How it is that on the inner side of this façade the wall should appear to rise to a splendid height, and to support one end of a ceiling as remote in its gilded grandeur, one could almost fancy, as that of St. Peter's; how it is that the nave should stretch away in such solemn vastness, the shallow transepts carry out the grand impression, and the apse of the choir hollow itself out like a dusky cavern fretted with golden stalactites—all this must be expounded by a keener architectural analyst than I. To sit somewhere against a pillar, where the vista is large and the incidents cluster richly, and vaguely resolve these mysteries without answering them, is the best of one's usual enjoyment of a great church. It takes no great ingenuity to conjecture that a gigantic Byzantine Christ, in mosaic, on the concave roof of the choir, contributes largely to the impressiveness of the place. It has even more of stiff solemnity than is common to works of its school, and it made me wonder more than ever what the human mind could have been when such unlovely forms could satisfy its conception of holiness. There seems something truly pathetic in the fate of these huge mosaic idols, and in the change that has befallen our manner of acceptance of them. It is a singular contrast between the original sublimity of their pretensions and the way in which they flatter that audacious sense of the grotesque which the modern imagination has smuggled even into the appreciation of religious forms. They were meant to be hardly less grand than the Deity itself, but the only part they play now is to mark the further end of our progress in spiritual refinement. The two limits, on this line, are admirably represented in the choir at Pisa, by the flat gilded Christ on the roof and the beautiful specimen of the painter Sodoma on the wall. The latter, a small picture of the Sacrifice of Isaac, is one of the best examples of its exquisite author, and perhaps, as chance has it, the most perfect opposition that could be found to the spirit of the great mosaic. There are many painters more powerful than Sodoma—painters who, like the author of the mosaic, attempted and compassed

grandeur; but none possess a more persuasive grace, none more than he have sitten and chastened their conception till it exhales the sweetness of a perfectly distilled perfume.

Of the patient successive efforts of painting to arrive at the supreme refinement of Sodoma, the Campo Santo hard by offers a most interesting memorial. It presents a long, blank marble wall to the relative profaneness of the cathedral close, but within it is a perfect treasure-house of art. A long quadrangle surrounds an open court, where weeds and wild-roses are tangled together, and a sunny stillness seems to rest consentingly, as if nature had been won to consciousness of the precious reliques committed to her. Something in the place reminded me of the collegiate cloisters of Oxford; but it must be confessed that this is a handsome compliment to Oxford. The open arches of the quadrangles of Magdalen and Christ Church are not of mellow Carrara marble, nor do their columns, slim and elegant, seem to frame the unglazed windows of a cathedral. To be buried in the Campo Santo of Pisa you need only be illustrious, and there is liberal allowance both as to the character and degree of your fame. The most obtrusive object in one of the long vistas is a most complicated monument to Madame Catalani, the singer, recently erected by her (possibly) too appreciative heirs. The wide pavement is a mosaic of sepulchral slabs, and the walls, below the base of the paling frescoes, are encrusted with inscriptions and encumbered with urns and antique sarcophagi. The place is at once a cemetery and a museum, and its especial charm is its strange mixture of the active and the passive, of art and rest, of life and death. Originally its walls were one vast continuity of closely-pressed frescoes, but now the great capricious scars and stains have come to outnumber the pictures, and the cemetery has grown to be a burial-place of pulverized masterpieces as well as of finished lives. The fragments of painting that remain are, however, fortunately the best; for one is safe in believing that a host of undimmed neighbors would distract but little from the two great works of Orcagna. Most people know the "Triumph of Death" and the "Last Judgment" from descriptions and engravings; but to measure the possible good faith of imitative art, one must stand there and see the painter's howling potentates dragged into hell in all the vividness of his bright, hard coloring; see his feudal courtiers on their palfreys, holding their noses at what they are so fast coming to; see his great Christ, in judgment, deny forgiveness with a gesture commanding enough to extinguish the idea. The charge that Michael Angelo borrowed his cursing Saviour from this great figure of Orcagna is more valid than most accusations of plagiarism; but of the two figures one at least could be spared. For direct, triumphant expressiveness these two superb frescoes have probably never been surpassed. The painter aims at no very delicate meanings, but he drives certain gross ones home so effectively that for a parallel to his skill one must look to the stage.

On the other side of the cloister one finds the beautiful frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli. If Orcagna's work was elected to survive the ravages of time, it is a happy chance that it should be balanced by a group of performances of such a different temper. The contrast is the more striking that, in subject, the work of both painters is narrowly theological. But Benozzo cares in his theology for nothing but the story, the scene, and the drama—the chance to pile up palaces and spires in his backgrounds against pale-blue skies cross-barred with pearly, fleecy clouds, and to scatter sculptured arches and shady trellises over the front, with every incident of human life going forward lightly and gracefully beneath them. Lightness and grace are the painter's great qualities; and, if we had to characterize him briefly, we might say that he marks the hitherto limit of unconscious elegance. His charm is natural fineness; a little more, and we should have refinement—which is a very different thing. Like all *les délicats* of this world, as M. Renan calls them, Benozzo has suffered greatly. The space on the walls he originally covered with his Old Testament stories is immense; but his exquisite handiwork has peeled off by the acre, as one may almost say, and the latter compartments of the series are swallowed up in huge white scars, out of which a helpless head or hand peeps forth, like those of creatures sinking into a quicksand. As for Pisa at large, although it is not exactly what one would call a mouldering city—for it has a certain well-aired cleanliness and brightness, even in its supreme tranquillity—it affects the imagination in very much the same way as the Campo Santo. And, in truth, a city so ancient and deeply historic as Pisa is at every step but the burial-ground of a larger life than its present one. The wide, empty streets, the gaudy Tuscan palaces (which look as if about all of them there were a genteel private understanding, independent of placards, that they are to be let extremely cheap), the delicious relaxing air, the full-flowing yellow river, the lounging Pisani smilling, metaphorically, their poppy-flowers, seemed to me all so many admonitions to resignation and oblivion. And this is what I mean by saying that the charm of Pisa (apart

from its cluster of monuments) is a charm of a high order. The architecture is not especially curious; the lions are few; there are no fixed points for stopping and gaping. And yet the impression is profound; the charm is a moral charm. If I were ever to be incurably disappointed in life; if I had lost my health, my money, or my friends; if I were resigned, for evermore, to pitching my expectations in a minor key, I think I should go and live at Pisa. Something in the atmosphere would assent most soothingly to my mind. Its quietude would seem something more than a stillness—a hush. Pisa may be a dull place to live in, but it is a capital place to wait for death.

Nothing could be more charming than the country between Pisa and Lucca—unless possibly it is the country between Lucca and Pistoia. If Pisa is dead Tuscany, Lucca is Tuscany still living and enjoying, desiring and intending. The town is a charming mixture of antique picturesqueness and modern animation; and not only the town, but the country—the blooming, romantic country which you behold from the famous promenade on the city-wall. The wall is of superbly solid brickwork and of extraordinary breadth, and its summit, planted with goodly trees, and swelling here and there into bastions and little open gardens, surrounds the city with a circular lounging-place of extreme picturesqueness. This well-kept, shady, ivy-grown rampart reminded me of certain mossy corners of England; but it looks away to a prospect of more than English loveliness—a broad, green plain, where the summer yields a double crop of grain, and a circle of bright blue mountains speckled with high-hung convents and profiled castles and nestling villas, and traversed by valleys of a deeper and duskier blue. In one of the deepest and shadiest of these valleys a charming watering-place is hidden away yet awhile longer from railways, the baths to which Lucca has given its name. Lucca is pre-eminently a city of churches, ecclesiastical architecture being, indeed, the only one of the arts to which it seems to have given attention. There are picturesque bits of domestic architecture, but no great palaces, and no importunate frequency of pictures. The cathedral, however, is a résumé of the merits of its companions, and is a singularly noble and interesting church. Its peculiar boast is a wonderful inlaid front, on which horses and hounds and hunted beasts are lavishly figured in black marble over a white ground. What I chiefly enjoyed in the gray solemnity of the nave and transepts was the superb effect of certain second-story Gothic arches (those which rest on the pavement are Lombard). These arches are delicate and slender, like those of the cloister at Pisa, and they play their part in the dusky upper air with real sublimity.

At Pistoia there is, of course, a cathedral, and there is nothing unexpected in its being, externally at least, a very picturesque one; in its having a grand campanile at its door, a gaudy baptistery, in alternate layers of black and white marble, across the way, and a stately civic palace on either side. But even if I had the space to do otherwise, I should prefer to speak less of the particular objects of interest at Pistoia than of the pleasure I found it to lounge away in the empty streets the quiet hours of a warm afternoon. To say where I lingered longest would be to tell of a little square before the hospital, out of which you look up at the beautiful frieze in colored earthenware by the brothers Della Robbia, which runs across the front of the building. It represents the seven orthodox offices of charity, and with its brilliant blues and yellows, and its tender expressiveness, it brightens up amazingly the sensa and soul of this little gray corner of the mediæval city. Pistoia is still strictly mediæval. How grass-grown it seemed, how drowsy, how full of idle Sisters and melancholy monks! If nothing was supremely wonderful, everything was delicious.

Correspondence.

MR. CONNELLY AND MR. HEALY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An unwarrantable attack on my personal character was made some time ago in the *New York World*. Additional importance was given to it by its being adopted by the *Nation*. May I beg you to do me the favor to allow me to answer it in your columns?

The whole charge and each particular of it I deny, not in part or with qualifications, but completely.

Firstly, I was, when the article was written, not 28, but 31, and am now 32 years of age.

Secondly, in reference to the term "so-called artist's," I doubt if any Americæn sculptor alive has received a more thorough art training than myself, or could show more numerous proofs of it in drawings, studies, paintings, and models. In England, already before leaving school—a public school of four hundred boys—I had obtained the first prizes for drawing,

military drawing, and geometry. I had, before I was 21, studied under Eckhout in Brussels, in Düsseldorf under Mücke, and in Paris under Gleyre; had been admitted at my first trial to the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, and in my second season become medallist, which does away with all further trials for admission. When I came to Florence, it was at the advice of Ingres, the President of the Fine Arts Academy, on the ground that the necessary course of preliminary study was already passed. In Florence, I was the favorite American pupil of Hiram Powers, and the bust of my father, now in my studio, was done eleven years ago.

Thirdly, I must repeat the charge before answering it: "Certain American artists are wont to buy, though more frequently to steal, their designs." "These designs are evolved in clay by modellers employed especially for the purpose." Further it is said, "This corruption is not limited to a few solitary cases; it obtains, indeed, in one form or another, as the invariable rule in the great majority of American studios." A book by an Italian servant and courier, containing nothing but malignant libels on Americans of various professions, is quoted in support of this general charge; and I am included among the number of "charlatans," not upon any evidence, but on the opinion of a sculptor—whose name is not mentioned—that it would be impossible for any man of my age to have accomplished the work of which I claim authorship. Yet in this same article it is stated that about 100 of my works are portrait-busts; so that, to maintain the "fraud," it would require the conspiracy of the very persons conspired against, and comprising names among the first in America and the first in England—such names as W. H. Aspinwall, H. Cram, J. R. Davenport, T. B. Lawrence, L. C. Clark, T. McKean, A. Schermerhorn, McGregor Adams, M. B. Moore, and many such others in America; and in England it may be enough to mention one of the Royal family and five members of the ducal families of Northumberland and Argyll. As to my ideal works, I defy any one to find even indirect evidence of my ever having been furnished with anything approaching to a design for a work of mine, or, in the modelling of my own designs, of my ever having had assistance from any one further than that of copying my own works as I direct them to do, and to work up to my *marks* and preserve my work as I have taught them.

I now apologize for the detail in which I have answered, and in excuse will say it is not because I attach importance to the article or suppose those who know anything of me would believe it, but because it is respectful to the public to make the answer; and in doing so I must make it complete, for the last word remains with the press, and twenty years hence the subject might be brought up again were my answer anything less than it is. I have written to the writer of the article in the New York *World*, charging him with wilful falsehood, and challenging him to produce any evidence of his charge, and my letter remains unanswered. I annex a copy of it.

For the interest and tranquillity of artists younger than myself, may I point out that, had this attack been made upon me earlier in life, had none of my works been portraits, and the libel less malignant, I do not know how any answer could have been framed to convince the public or repair the injury? Yet Mr. Turner of Florence is so attacked while just entering his profession, and without a particle of evidence.

I hope that such journals as have published the libel and mentioned my name will also do me the justice to publish my reply.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

PIERCE FRANCIS CONNELLY.

10 VIA NAZIONALE, FLORENCE, March 7, 1874.

[It is strong language to say that we "adopted" the charge made against Mr. Connelly.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE 'Annual Record of Science and Industry,' edited by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, and published by Harper & Bros., makes its third appearance this year, and fully maintains its place at the head of similar publications in this country, and, so far as we know, in the language. The bulk of the volume is increased by upwards of 60 pages, which have been bestowed on the general summary which introduces the 'Record,' nearly doubling it as compared with former years.—Henry Holt & Co. publish this week a 'History of the Cretan Insurrection of 1866-7-8,' by W. J. Stillman, U. S. Consul at Canéa during that memorable stage of the "Eastern Question."—We have received a copy of the 'First Annual Report of the Committee on Children' (No. 6, State Charities Aid Association). The recent presentation of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction by the Grand Jury lends additional interest to the publications of this association. The paper discusses in an interesting manner the

question of indenturing children, of boarding out, etc. Its statements ought, considering the fact stated in the report that there were 15,000 healthy children dependent on public and private charity in the State, to be widely read and considered.

—Shakspeare students of every degree would read with interest Prof. Hiram Corson's 'Jottings on the Text of Hamlet,' of which two hundred copies have been privately printed at Ithaca. Prof. Corson is a defender of the First Folio against the Quartos, and his "jottings" are a commentary on a remark of the editors of the Cambridge edition that in 'Hamlet,' as they had computed, the Folio differed from the Quartos for the worse in forty-seven places and "for the better in twenty at most." Something like two hundred passages suggest comparisons to Prof. Corson, and scarcely one but seems to him to justify the reading or the punctuation of the Folio, as opposed to that adopted in the Cambridge edition. The punctuation, indeed, he insists upon, and we have generally found ourselves in agreement with him even to some of the nicer shades in the use of the points of exclamation and interrogation. On this head he says:

"I am persuaded, after a quite careful study of the Folio, in respect to the punctuation, that, whoever did the pointing, whether the author, in the original manuscript, the editors, which is not very likely, or the proof-reader, if there was one, or the printer, it was done with considerable regard to the spoken language. And this is especially true in regard to the notes of interrogation and of exclamation. On the other hand, I am persuaded, after an equally careful study of the punctuation and numerous other features of the Cambridge text, that the editors were not in the habit of voicing the language—that they studied it through the eye, and, in regard to punctuation, followed certain prescribed rules; and thus, in spite of their scholarship and critical acumen, often went astray in many particulars."

Prof. Corson's most considerable verbal discussion is on the phrase "a good kissing-carrion" (2. 2. 180, 181), and, whatever else it may be, is an excellent specimen of "conservative surgery." We may mention here that in his monthly report for April, the Superintendent of the Boston Public Library enumerates the possessors of seventeen more or less perfect copies of the First Folio in this country. Of these four are owned in Boston, six in New York, three in Philadelphia, and one each in Newport, Providence, Cincinnati, and Chicago. There may be still others.

—The *Independent* of last week had a very good editorial article, in which it closely followed both in thought and words the doctrine laid down by the *Nation* as to the President's power and duty with regard to the Arkansas muddle. But then further on it had a paragraph in which it accused the *Nation* of "misstatements" about the law, in a style reminding us of the Washington paper which once took us to task for calling man "an animal," and explained to us that in the United States man was not an animal but a sovereign. The writer in the *Independent* apparently had not read as he ought to have done the judgment of the Supreme Court in the case of *Luther v. Borden*, where Chief-Justice Taney declares that the duty of interfering as Grant has interfered in Arkansas was imposed on the President "by the Constitution and the laws." A careful and intelligent perusal of the same judgment would have prevented the foolish assertion that the language of the *Nation* "involved a very serious political heresy," and also the reference to the statutes of 1795 and 1807 for "the construction Congress has placed on this protective clause of the Constitution, and also the duties and the limits thereof"—whatever this may mean, which we confess we do not know.

—The "Englishman," edited by Dr. Kenealy, Q.C., is the title of a new weekly journal which the tyranny of England has just added to the long list of newspapers "independent of all class influences" published on both sides of the Atlantic. The impression has got abroad that this paper is intended to be an organ of Sir Roger Tichborne, the "unhappy victim of the late prosecution," now lying in "a dungeon hardly bigger than a small coal-cell." An air of plausibility is given to this rumor by the tables of contents of the first two numbers—Prospectus; Prince Bismarck; Our First Number; Persecution of Dr. Kenealy, Q.C.; Sir Roger Tichborne; The Tichborne Case; Mr. Karslake, Q.C.; *Law Journal*; Dr. Kenealy and Gray's Inn; *Solicitors' Journal*; Correspondence between Dr. Kenealy, Q.C., and J. K. Smythies; Poetry; Is Tichborne to Rot in Gaol? Dr. Kenealy a Blasphemer; Tribute from America; Kenealy Demonstration on Easter Monday; The *Hour*; Testimonial Fund; *Morning Advertiser*; Public Meeting at Cambridge Hall; Public Meeting at Leicester; Coleridgeana; Our Second Number; Lady Tichborne and the Jesuit Priest; Mr. Skipworth; Persecution of Dr. Kenealy; Dr. Livingstone; Meeting at Leicester; Jean Luie; Sir Roger Tichborne's account of Jean Luie; Advice to a Judge; Letters from Mr. Skipworth; Our First Number; No Wonder; Another of Dr. Kenealy's Blasphemies; The Bench; Dr. Kenealy and the Benchers; The Tichborne Jury; Judicial Errors; Mr. Justice Brett on Mr. Whalley and Mr. Onslow; The *Standard* Newspaper; Abuses of the Law;

Unjust Prosecutions; Speak kindly of the Dead; Coleridgeana. But a glance at the prospectus shows that the aim of Kenealy is far higher than a paltry revenge. His intention is "to establish a weekly paper, to be called the *Englishman*, which shall devote its columns to politics, to religion, to law, and which shall also contain a summary of general news, excluding everything of a nature likely to lower or corrupt the dignity of the mind. Persons of the highest eminence as journalists will contribute to this paper. It will be bound to no party, but will consult only the general welfare of the great English people. It will advocate progress; it will seek to revive that great spirit among us which shone forth a hundred years ago in the letters of Junius, but which seems now to be paralyzed by a spirit of fear, of cowardice, and of corruption. It will point out the abuses of the law, and suggest measures for their amendment. It will oppose the further march of Romanism and Jesuitry; and show how adverse to the free institutions on which we pride ourselves are those of Papal despotism, which is already beginning to show its fatal influence in high quarters. It will advocate female suffrage, giving to every unmarried woman a right to vote in the elections for Parliament; in a word, the same occupation-franchise as is given to men by 30 and 31 Victoria, chapter 102. The mild, the soberizing, the humanizing influence which the bestowal on women of this political status would infuse into contests, would be of incalculable public benefit." This shows how different the real intentions of a man may be from those which newspaper clamor attributes to him. The want of apparent variety in the first numbers will no doubt be made up for hereafter, the fact being, as Dr. Kenealy says in an editorial in his first number, that he had not "any intention to publish a newspaper at all" until Good Friday last, when "the first intimation of the conduct of the Oxford Circuit reached me," and almost simultaneously with it "a copy of charges" from the Benchers of Gray's Inn. The history of American journalism has made it clear that, though copies of charges may at first throw difficulties in the way of an editor, in the long run they only stimulate his energy and activity, and, unless Dr. Kenealy gets himself too thrown into a British Bastile "hardly bigger than a small coal-cellars"—a fate, to be sure, which a fearless journalist rather courts than avoids—there is, no doubt, a bright and famous future before him.

For some time Archbishop Manning, with reverence be it spoken, has occupied in London something of the position of a bad American poet. That is to say, he has been an attractively odd phenomenon, has been made the fashion, and has been talked about and written about a great deal more than was worth anybody's while. Writers of magazine articles and the correspondents of foreign journals have had wonderful tales to tell about his eloquence, his conversational gifts, his gift of faith, his actually belonging to the Metaphysical Club, and his carrying on long chains of reasoning at that place of resort. Judging him by such of his productions as reach the light of common day, the archbishop may be described as belonging to that large class of reasoners who only need to have a few selected premises kindly granted them in order to proceed with ease and skill to remarkable conclusions, and there abide in great contentment. The latest one of his efforts of this kind was an essay in the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism," in which his business was to show, among other things, that the Roman Catholic Church has one of two characters—either she is the supreme and infallible judge in all matters of revelation, faith, and morals, or else she is a rank imposture. To this Mr. Fitzjames Stephen made reply in an article in the next number of the same review, in which he, on his part, proceeded to show that the archbishop is too eager and too fast, and that the Roman Catholic Church might, on the one hand, not be supreme, infallible, and the proper custodian of the state, while yet, on the other hand, she might not be at all a rank imposture, but an institution which, like other institutions, has its fine aspects, and again some aspects not so fine. It is not necessary to agree with all Mr. Stephen says, nor to take him for a profound thinker on spiritual subjects, in order to enjoy the force of his reasoning and the lucidity of his presentation of his side of the case. It is more than mere lucidity, too. There is great felicity of phrase and of illustration. For an example of this we may mention the capital introduction of the fish whom the black man in the 'Arabian Nights' found frying in a pan, and to whom he said, "Fish, fish, are you in your duty," etc. We wish we had space to quote it. It is of an exceptionally high order of literary skill, and, we may add, of literary good fortune; for as regards these things something is properly to be ascribed to the gods. We must content ourselves with hoping that our readers will turn to the articles themselves, to which the *Contemporary*, with a candor honorable to itself and useful to its cause, lends its columns. Romanist and Protestant, Trojan and Tyrian, are made equally welcome. As we have said, it is not necessary to agree with all that Mr. Stephen says. He is an intrepid logician, though it is in a world like this of ours that he is arguing, where a great deal

of logic is sometimes too much. For instance, his assault on ultramontanism and its pretensions to autoocracy he without need makes so wide-extending that the objector may plausibly assert of it that it is an assault on supernaturalism in general, and that it reduces the question to a conflict between out-and-out materialism and idealism. This has already been asserted; and it is not surprising to find the archbishop instinctively making for this joint in his enemy's harness. In his reply to Mr. Stephen's article he has little or nothing to say to the real difficulties set before him by his antagonist, who doubtless represented a body of opinion with which a real thinker among the Catholic clergy would have gladly measured strength. His reply is in substance: "What I said was, that if you accept the fundamental truths of Christianity, an Ultramontanist you certainly must become; and now here are you admitting that you are hardly a Christian at all; ergo, I have got the better of you." Technically, he has; but in the eyes of the spectator the conclusion is not an impressive one, considering the magnitude of the subject in controversy.

—Born in the same year with Agassiz, in the same Canton of Vaud, the painter Gleyre has scarcely exceeded the term of life meted out to his illustrious compatriot. G.-Charles Gleyre, a classicist and idealist of the purest, shyest sort, is known to the connoisseurs by half-dozen masterpieces, and to the world at large by a single picture, the "Illusions Perdues." This charming canvas, on which he has caught and fixed the spectrum of life's fading visions, is one of the very few modern allegorical works which have succeeded, and its interest is pathetically enhanced by the story that Gleyre when he painted it believed that he was going blind, from the consequences of an attack of ophthalmia suffered in the Orient. When this picture was rewarded and bought by the nation, Gleyre piously sent his gold medal of honor to the uncle at Lyons who had succored him when a boy. His few works are much dispersed: his great composition of "Bacchantes" (painted 1849) went to Madrid; his "Echo" to the gallery of a Cologne banker; for Switzerland he represented the "Death of Davel," who was a political martyr of Lausanne. A painting which shows Gleyre's best refinements is owned by Mr. Johnston in this city; in this work there is a nude girl's figure standing in a kind of bath of sun-rays, and clothed by them as by a tissue, which the artist himself could hardly exceed. His "Saint John" (1840), "Separation of the Apostles" (1846), and "Helvetians forcing their Roman Captives under the Yoke" (1857), are the principal remaining works of a life which produced countless studies and few achievements. His portfolios showed enormous numbers of copies from architecture and paintings made in Italy and the East; his studies from Leonardo's "Cena" and Giotto's frescoes at Padua were especially intelligent. On the death of Delaroche, he took charge of the famous school maintained by that master, and was undoubtedly the fittest man to carry on its peculiar line of instruction; here, until quite aged, he lavished the most attentive teachings, visiting the pupils whenever his health would permit, and sympathizing with every artistic idiosyncrasy, from the classic refinements in which his own heart lay to the brutal realism of Courbet and Manet. "Vous serez le Michel-Ange du mauvais art," he said to the latter, not unappreciatingly, when he was infecting the studio with his hideous *académies*. Of late, during the failing years of the professor, the atelier has been conducted by Bonnat. M. Gleyre reached the age of nearly sixty-seven years.

—Among the encyclopædic works which now furnish such gratifying evidence of literary activity in Italy especially worthy of note is 'L'Italia sotto l'aspetto fisico, storico, artistico e statistico,' edited by the publisher, Dr. Francesco Vallardi, and illustrated with maps and plans. The part devoted to the literary history of the country is written by a society of friends under the direction of Pasquale Villari, well known as the author of an admirable life of Savonarola. It will consist of as many monographs as there are epochs in Italian literature, each treated by a different writer, beginning with "I Primi Due Secoli della Letteratura Italiana," by A. Bartoli, of which the first ten numbers are before us. It is a popular error to think that Italian literature began with Dante; an error which Rossetti's 'Early Italian Poets' (or, as the new edition is entitled, 'Dante and his Circle') has done much to dissipate in the minds of English readers. Signor Bartoli has undertaken for the first time a detailed history of the first period in the literature, that before Dante; a task difficult even in Italy, where so little has been done in this direction, and where local prejudices have always been bitter. The present work is worthy of high praise for its completeness, impartiality, and the great light it throws on several disputed points, notably the influence of Provençal and the origin of the Italian *Schriftsprache*. Signor Bartoli examines in detail the origin of the language, the causes which led to the first literary manifestations (influence of Norman, Provençal and French poetry), the dialect literature of Northern, Central, and Southern Italy, the *sacre rappresentazioni* or mysteries, the literary conditions of Italy during the Middle Ages, the encyclopædias (Bruetto Latini's

'Tresor'), didactic poetry and prose before Dante. Very successfully, as it seems to us, he refutes the Perticari theory of the origin of the Italian *Schriftsprache* and literature at the court of Frederick II. in Sicily, and shows that there as elsewhere the early writers employed their own dialect in their poetry, which, after Dante and the other poets of Central Italy had made Tuscan the literary dialect *par excellence*, were rewritten in the fashionable dialect. Especially noteworthy is the chapter devoted to the dialect literature of Northern Italy, where under the French influence a Franco-Italian language was developed as a medium of communicating to the Italians the romances of the Carlovingian cycle and other popular French poems. It is impossible at this stage of the work to judge whether a history produced in this way (by different writers) can have the unity demanded by the present state of science.

The fourth volume of Mommsen and Marquardt's 'Römische Alterthümer' (see *Nation*, No. 365), being Vol. I. of Marquardt's 'Staatsverwaltung,' has made its appearance, and the second volume of Mommsen's 'Staatsrecht' is announced as in the press. The present volume bears the special title 'Organisation des römischen Reichs,' and is more than a revision and enlargement of Part I. of Volume III. of the earlier work; it is an entirely new treatise, containing of course much of the matter of the old, and following in general its arrangement. Probably for no part of the whole field is there so much new material as for this, and it has been worked up with great thoroughness. It is now announced that Marquardt's other two volumes will treat of Finance, Military System, and Worship (being Vol. III., Part 2, Verwaltung, and Vol. IV., Gottesdienst, of the old work). Vol. V. of the original work (Privatalterthümer) is still in the market, but will eventually form Vol. VII.: Topography, which formed Vol. I. of Becker and Marquardt, does not come within the scope of the present work.

Prof. Schröder of Breslau has completed his history of the rights of property in marriage (*das eheliche Güterrecht*) in Germany, and gives, in the *Historische Zeitschrift* (1874, 2), a summary of the general historical results of his enquiries. These rights began, he says, with a purchase of the bride (*Brautkauf*), which in quite early times passed into a gift to the wife known as *Witthum* (the *dos* of Tacitus). When there was no *Witthum* there was no legal marriage, and no jurisdiction on the part of the husband (*eherrliche Vogtei*); in this case, the wife received merely the *Morgengabe*, of trifling value, from which the name *morganatic* is derived. As to the property after marriage, the original principle was that of separate ownership with community of management (*eheliche Verwaltungsgemeinschaft*), of course in the hands of the husband, to whom came all increase of property, the maxim being, "Frauengut soll weder wachsen noch schwinden." This system was maintained through the Middle Ages only among the Saxons of Ostphalia (Brunswick and Magdeburg); all other races adopted instead the rule of community of property, the *Morgengabe* absorbing the *Witthum*, and developing into a fixed quota of the property. Disregarding details, it may be said in general that these usages fell into two groups. The northern communities—the Westphalian Saxons, Frisians, and Anglo-Saxons—followed the rule of equal rights in all property (*allgemeine Gütergemeinschaft*), but only after the birth of children; while the Franks adopted community of property in all marriages, but only as to acquired property, giving two-thirds to the "sword side" and one-third to the "spindle side." The Swabian and Bavarian law was simply a development of that of the Franks; so that German law fell in general into the two divisions recognized by the Golden Bull, *jus Saxonum* and *Franconicum*. There are some interesting facts brought out in regard to migrations of the Germans in early times. The colonists in the Slavonic lands, for example, as about Lübeck and Breslau, are shown by their marriage rites to have been of Westphalian origin.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE.*

EVERY historic statement of the events of the Rebellion which comes from a prominent actor in it must be welcomed as of real value, and all the more when it comes from the Confederate side. We are not yet sure how full the official records are which were captured from the Confederate Government; and until they are printed we must take such narratives as this of General Johnston for the best material we can get from the losing side of the great contest.

Johnston was the only officer of the United States army of a rank above that of colonel who joined the Southern army, and at the beginning he was their ranking officer. He commanded in chief at Bull Run, and retained his command till disabled by a wound at Fair Oaks. On his recovery, he was assigned to the chief command in the West, both Bragg and Pemberton being nominally under his orders during the memorable campaign of 1863, in

which Vicksburg fell. Removed from this command because of his failure to succor Pemberton, he was again put at the head of the principal Western army after Chickamauga; conducted the campaign of Atlanta till Sherman had crossed the Chattahoochee, when the orders of Jefferson Davis put Hood in his place, and left him without military employment till Sherman's northward march from Savannah caused his recall to the leadership of the last organized army of the Confederacy, whose existence ended with his surrender a few days after Lee's forces laid down their arms at Appomattox Court House. Johnston was thus the most prominent military actor in both the first and the last scenes of the great conflict, and by common consent stands second, and hardly second, to Lee alone of the Confederate generals. He was intimately acquainted with all the details of the internal history of events within the Southern States. He was personally familiar with every leading man in civil or military life in the South. He knew how their armies were formed, officered, recruited, equipped, and fed. No one living can tell us more of all we want to know of these things, or better give us the local color which would bring out the picture with force and vividness. The announcement of this book, therefore, excited no common expectations, and its publication has been followed by no common disappointment. No doubt our expectations were not quite reasonable. It was perhaps unfair to demand of so prominent an actor in a "lost cause" that he should so far divest himself of personal feeling as to write with the calmness or impartiality of a historian, and put matters of personal grief or controversy in proper subordination to the great current of events. General Johnston, it is very evident, has not written a historic memoir to satisfy the demand of the world for information. He has not asked himself what we would wish him to tell us. He has simply written an earnest, almost passionate defence of himself before the Southern people from the charge of having caused or contributed to their defeat—charges which it seems President Davis made and reiterated publicly and privately.

We have therefore a contribution to controversial polemics rather than to military history, although much light is incidentally thrown upon some important phases of the conflict. Perhaps we have no right to complain of this. After all, it may be true that the most valuable contribution the writer could give is to show us without reserve the things which, after nearly ten years, most strongly stir his own feelings and memories when he recalls his part in the war. The view thus given of his own mind, motives, and character, and of other prominent actors in the drama, may prove a great aid in interpreting their public acts, and may fully justify him in presenting it as his "contribution of materials for the use of the future historian." Consciously or unconsciously, General Johnston has laid bare the weakness as well as the strength of his own character, and given us the clue to the antagonism which existed between him and the President of the Confederacy. He has been known, by his conduct of his campaigns, to be a brave and skillful soldier, of the cautious rather than the dashing kind. He made sturdy resistance to the advance of superior forces on the line of the Peninsula in Virginia as well as before Sherman in Georgia. Always master of himself and of his resources, patient, watchful, and active, he knew how to gain time to the utmost and to punish severely any rashness of his opponent.

The demand of the Confederate Government, however, was for aggressive instead of defensive warfare, and Johnston himself tells us that he never harbored the pleasing illusion, so dear to the Southern mind in 1861, that one Southerner was more than a match for five Yankees. The result was that his statements of the situation, generally just in themselves, were set down almost from the beginning as croaking. He was regarded by Davis as a man who was constantly seeing lions in his path, and whose strategy of slow retreat, while watching for the enemy to expose himself, would slowly but surely crowd the Confederacy into the Gulf. Johnston's reply was a sound one: that the Union forces understood defensive warfare also, and that aggression would only hasten the ruin; and when such reverses as Hood's before Atlanta and at Franklin and Nashville gave him the opportunity, he was not slow in saying, "I told you so." His story impresses us with the belief that with less of the spirit of the martinet and controversialist, and a little more of the policy of hiding his gloomy anticipations and suppressing irritating comment, he might easily have maintained the leadership in the whole Confederate army with which he started. He shows that Davis was arrogant and conceited; that Benjamin, as Secretary of War, was a meddlesome busybody and marplot; but he also shows that under such circumstances he could make himself a most uncomfortable subordinate, when some pliancy was an absolute necessity if he would acquire the personal ascendancy and good-will without which the chief command of the armies could not be exercised under such a government.

Johnston always had the confidence and support of a large and influential body of public men in the South, and seems to have won the affectionate faith and attachment of his subordinates and troops. It was to his superiors

* 'Narrative of Military Operations directed, during the late War between the States, by J. E. Johnston, General C.S.A.' New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 602.

that he was a thorn in the side, and his book makes it clear that what he regards as the untoward events in his career were almost uniformly due to this peculiarity of his character, and might have been avoided without sacrifice of self-respect or integrity. An example will best explain this. When he took command of the army in North Georgia, in December, 1863, after Bragg's defeat at Missionary Ridge, the first communications from the President and Secretary of War urged him to assume the offensive, and strive to recover Tennessee, just as soon as the condition of his troops would permit. He replies with a just though rather gloomy picture of the "difficulties in the way," and says: "I can see no other mode of taking the offensive here than to beat the enemy when he advances, and then move forward. But to make victory probable, the army must be strengthened." From this the Government at Richmond certainly could get little encouragement to expect an offensive in their sense of the term. Some two months later, Johnston says he reminded the President that his instructions in December had given him "the impression that a forward movement by this army was intended to be made in the spring," and the General explains it further in the text as "the design of recovering Middle Tennessee." Accordingly, he asks for more troops for this purpose. To this General Bragg replies, as Chief of Staff to the President, that such is indeed their earnest desire, and urges "the movement indicated," promising certain reinforcements. A week later, Johnston replies that the phrase, "the movement indicated," gives him "the impression that some particular plan of operations is referred to."

"If so, it has not been communicated to me. A knowledge of it and of the forces to be provided for, is necessary to enable me to make proper requisitions." To this Davis responds at once through Bragg with a plan for a movement into East Tennessee, around the left flank of Sherman's army, and thence upon the line of Sherman's communications in Middle Tennessee. On the 18th March, Johnston rejoins by letter and telegraph, with reasons why he thinks the plan impracticable, and plainly intimates a disposition to await an attack from the Union forces. On the 21st, Bragg telegraphs that the plan is decided and not open for discussion, and that troops can only be drawn from other points for an advance. Johnston answers that he means to take the offensive; but he does not accept the plan given him or propose any other, except, as before, to await what may turn up when the Federal troops advance. At that point Davis drops the correspondence, apparently in despair or disgust; and we must say we think people of common sense, whether military men or others, will incline to sympathize with him. On the 8th of April, evidently feeling uneasy at the position the correspondence had left him in, and really desirous of getting reinforcements, if possible, Johnston sent a confidential staff-officer to Richmond to explain matters; and a similar officer coming out from Richmond, the General explained them to him; but it does not appear from his own statement that he was willing to adopt any offensive strategy but the "offensive defensive," while the administration wanted the offensive pure and simple, and did not intend strengthening his army for any other. Meanwhile, Sherman decided the controversy by taking the initiative himself. The event proved that any other course than that which Johnston adopted would probably have gained nothing; but argument after the fact will not remove from Johnston's conduct a certain color of disingenuousness in trying to get troops on the supposition that he would take the aggressive, whilst he was thoroughly determined to do no such thing, in the sense that Davis and Bragg understood it. It was not quite loyal and transparent dealing with his superiors, on whom the larger responsibility for the whole Confederacy rested.

We have given this incident at some length, as detailed in chapters IX. and X. of the narrative, because it seems to us to exhibit strongly the mental traits we have alluded to as standing in the way of Johnston's successful co-operation with others. Opinionated as to his own plans, rather disposed to sneer at others, abating no jot of criticism for the sake of cordial feeling, and very thinly disguising his contempt for the opinions of civilians who might hold the portfolio of war in his Government, it was almost inevitable that he should be in hot water with them, and that they should soon prefer to entrust important commands to men of inferior capacity but more practicable temper. This conclusion does not imply that his judgment may not have been really the better, but only that men in their situation could not reasonably be expected to confide in incompetence and put themselves unreservedly in his hands. When we take into account the peculiarities of Davis's mind and temper also, we can see that a collision between them was certain.

In the narrative of strictly military events, Johnston adds very little to our previous knowledge, except to give some interesting details with regard to the parts of his command which actually participated in the engagements he mentions. We fancy that the tone of his remarks makes it easy to see who were his friends. For them he frequently has a laudatory or admiring epithet not bestowed upon others. Hood appears as the *bête noire* of the campaign of 1864, disjointing some of the best bits of strategy, and leading

the army to destruction after Johnston's removal from command. We see no sufficient reason for this harsh judgment in the facts as narrated by the writer. The view commonly taken by Federal officers seems to us the better one—viz., that Hood well represented the policy of playing for a high stake which the necessities of the Confederacy forced upon its Government after Sherman crossed the Chattahoochee. If a boldly aggressive strategy was to be adopted, Hood was the man to guide it, and his brilliant movements in the fall of 1864 simply demonstrated the truth of Johnston's theory that, in a warfare of entrenched lines, the attacking party was sure to pay very dearly in blood for every advantage gained. When the odds of three or four for one in the lists of casualties were shifted from the Union to the Confederate side, it did not take long to make an end of the rebel army of Tennessee. The Southern cause was reduced to this desperate dilemma: it must see the steady advance of Sherman's army isolate Virginia and the Carolinas from the rest of the Confederate States, and so starve its forces and throttle its life out, or it must make a daring stroke for existence, and take the terrible chance of quick destruction. Hood made the stroke, and, though he failed, no impartial military critic will say that if such a game was to be played, he did not play it well. We agree with Johnston that it was next to hopeless, but when the time came, the Southern character made it certain it would be tried; and those who, like Johnston, believed it would fail, can afford to be more generous to the leader who conducted a campaign which few beside him would have had nerve to attempt.

It was to be expected that General Johnston would put the most favorable face upon the relative disadvantages of the Southern troops. In the matter of numbers, there must be a very careful compilation of the results of official reports before anything worthy the name of a history of the war can be written. It is the habit of Southern writers, as it was of their officers in their report of engagements, to state their own force according to the number actually engaged, but their adversary's either by a liberal guess or according to some standard different from their own. A military command is generally estimated by the number of men actually belonging to it, and the deduction to be made for absences by reason of temporary detachment, sickness, etc., is specially stated. It is of comparatively little moment what rule is adopted, if it be only applied to both sides. We have good authority for saying that this is not done in most Southern accounts of the war. Johnston gives the force with which he opened the campaign of 1861 as about forty-five thousand of all arms; and though he states this as its "effective strength," a civilian would hardly suspect that when the number "present and absent" is given, the same command would swell to nearly eighty-two thousand, as it does in the figures given in the appendix, pp. 570, 571. Davis is made to state (p. 439) that at the opening of the same campaign it amounted to "between sixty and seventy thousand"; and Hood, in his official report, called it "an available force of seventy-five thousand men" (p. 353). It is true that Johnston combats these assertions as to his *available* strength, but he can hardly expect others to accept his low estimate of his force in the face of such statements, unless a careful explanation of the mode of reporting the "effective" strength is given; whereas we have none. If we diminish the force of the Northern armies in the same ratio as he diminishes the total of his, the disparity of numbers in the campaign of 1864 will almost wholly disappear. We are permitted to give an instance in point. At the time when General Johnston disbanded his army at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865, he stated to an officer of high rank on the Union side that he supposed his "effective" force to be about sixteen thousand men; but when the paroles were issued to them, the Federal officers found that they reached thirty thousand. It is possible that in these were included some stragglers from Lee's army, who had surrendered and been paroled some time before; but it is quite certain that the system of returns used in the United States forces would have made his command much more numerous than the "effective" reported by him. Indeed, we are informed that he himself said at the time that their system of returns was far from reliable.

To the same category belongs the report of casualties. General Johnston ignores the official reports on the Union side, or, as in the case of the attack on Kenesaw Mountain by Sherman, says that they do not do justice to the courage of the Northern troops, while he gives freely the estimates of the "reliable individual" with whom we thought we had finally parted when the newspaper correspondents "came marching home." A partial apology for this may be found in the fact that Congress has so long and inexplicably failed to spread the means of knowing the truth by printing the archives of the War Department, including those of the Confederacy in our possession.

Of a little different character is the constant assertion that divisions and corps of the Union army were repulsed by single brigades, and the like. There would be little danger of misapprehending this, assuming the facts to be given with literal truth, if it were not that the character of the contest is constantly treated as if that were an open field-fight which the writer him-

self shows was on the one side an assault and on the other a defence of entrenchments, generally of the most solid character used in field-works. He excuses himself for not attacking Grant's lines of circumvallation around Vicksburg on this score. It should be notorious that the primary effect of such works is to make a small defending force equal to a large attacking one, and that few instances can be cited in the war when such a line was carried by direct assault, if held by resolute and well-disciplined troops. In such a case, a brigade in line in the trench is properly expected to repulse a column of brigades coming against it. As soon as the conditions were reversed, the results were also, as Hood learned to his cost.

We are far from wishing to detract from the well-earned renown of the Southern army, and we limit our purpose to correcting what to the casual reader must be misleading in Gen. Johnston's mode of putting his case, though not an intentional misstatement. The book will stimulate more writing by actors in the contest who directly or indirectly come under Johnston's criticism. We shall heartily welcome this as tending to such an increase of testimony from various standpoints as will prepare the way for the historian who must coolly sum up the case. Meanwhile, we trust Congress will not remain insensible to the demand for the publication of those facts and figures which the files of the War Department only can give, and without which much of all such narratives must be mere conjecture colored by the partisan feelings of the writer, on whichever side he may have fought.

RECENT NOVELS.*

WE have puzzled ourselves a good deal in looking through 'Desperate Remedies,' as well as the other novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy which have already appeared, with the question what could have induced any one to suppose them to be written by George Eliot. On the whole, it is difficult to discover any good reason, though in one respect there is a similarity. It has often been observed with regard to one or two of the more ambitious of George Eliot's novels that, considering the author's grave and realistic way of looking at life, her plots were often strangely sensational, or at least they were apt to have a way of ending sensationally. In 'Romola' the drifting catastrophe seemed to correspond in a certain manner with the freshet catastrophe of the pathetic 'Mill on the Floss,' and even in 'Middlemarch' there was a good deal in the connection between the main plot and the delirium-tremens episode which seemed to be brought in of malice prepense, for the purpose of heightening the effect—without much evidence being given that the *ars celare artem* was one of the most certain and indubitable possessions of the author. Even in that most charming of all her stories, 'Silas Marner,' is there not a touch of the same fondness for the wild and unnatural in the vindication of the truth of Silas by the discovery of the bones in the emptied gravel-pit? We do not for a moment bring this as an objection against the story, one of the most delightful ever written. All we say is that we may see here an indication of the same tendency that we perceive in the theatrical tableaux which close the stories of 'Romola' and of 'The Mill on the Floss'—a tendency which is made all the more surprising when we recollect that in all the details of her stories, in the dialogue, in the description of character and of scenery, and, above all, the analysis of motives, George Eliot's aim is always to be calm, cool, untheatrical, unromantic, realistic, frequently grave, frequently severe, or humorous, or satirical, but never to be high-flown. In this divorce between a wild plot and a realistic development of it, there is a resemblance between some of her stories and some of Mr. Hardy's, and, indeed, in 'Desperate Remedies' the divorce seems to have reached a climax, and any future novelist might well be defied to produce a novel which should be so startling in its naked facts and so icy-cold in the manner of their development. The plot is so intricate that we cannot undertake to give even a précis of its astonishing contents; but it will be enough to say that it begins

* 'Desperate Remedies: A Novel. By Thomas Hardy, author of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, etc.' (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

'Thorpe Regis. A Novel. By the author of *The Rose-Garden and Unawares*. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1874.

'Bessie Wilmetton; or, Money, and What Came of it. A Novel. By Margaret Westcott.' New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1874.

'Old Fort Duquesne; or, Captain Jack the Scout. An Historical Novel, with copious Notes. By Charles McKnight.' Beautifully illustrated. Pittsburgh: People's Monthly Publishing Co. 1874.

'Gold and Dross. By Edward Garrett.' New York: Dodd & Mead. 1874.

'The Seven Gray Pilgrims. A Personal Romance. By a Subaltern of Artillery.' Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1874.

'The Wetherel Affair. By J. W. De Forest, author of *Overland*, *Kate Beaumont*, etc.' New York: Sheldon & Co. 1873.

'Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and Other Stories. By John Esten Cooke, author of the *Virginia Comedians*, *Surrey*, *Eagle's Nest*, *Dr. Van Dyke*, etc., etc.' Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

'Fettered for Life; or, Lord and Master. A Story of To-day. By Lillie Devereux Blake, author of *Southwold* and *Rockford*, *What Matter? It is only a Woman*.' New York: Sheldon & Co. 1874.

'John Andrex. By Rebecca Harding Davis, author of *Life in the Iron Mills*, *Dal-las Galbraith, Waiting for the Verdict*, etc., etc.' Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

with a mystery, which lasts through the book, as impenetrable as one of Wilkie Collins's; that there is a case of impersonation and doubtful identity in it, a wife-murder (in the second or third degree), followed by the temporary burial of the wife by the husband in the house in which he afterwards brings another woman to live; this again followed by the exhumation of the wife's remains by the murderer after a lapse of some time, at the dead of night, for the purpose of further and safer interment; a pursuit without his knowledge or consent, we may almost say across country, by several of the principal characters of the story; a fight, a conflagration (in which the woman who afterwards turns out to have been murdered was supposed to have been burned), and a happy ending to all in the marriage of the original pair of lovers. These are but a few of the incidents in the wildly melodramatic plot, which is prefaced by the quiet announcement, taken from Scott: "Though a course of adventures which are only connected with each other by having happened to the same individual is what most frequently occurs in nature, yet the province of the romance-writer being artificial, there is more required from him than a mere compliance with the simplicity of reality." The story is told in the matter-of-fact way with which readers of Mr. Hardy's stories are familiar, and as the plot is developed in all its startling enormity the peculiar moderation with which the narrator proceeds heightens the wild effect. In 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' there is, to be sure, something of the same contrast, the two friends both engaged (each without the knowledge of the other) to the same girl, and meeting at the last, each resolved to marry her in spite of all, making the journey together by rail behind the car which was carrying her home for burial, she having meantime, heart-broken, married a third lover whom she did not really love, the whole coming to a crisis in the discovery by the two lovers of the changed name of the heroine, when they see the tablet on which the funeral inscription has been made. It is probable enough that of the three novels published under Mr. Hardy's name the one last to appear was the one first to be written. 'Under the Greenwood Tree' was a very neatly constructed little idyllic village comedy. The writer has apparently learned by experience what to leave out and to have relentlessly discarded all "dead wood." There is in that book nothing superfluous, and the story as it stands is a unit, rounded and complete. But of 'Desperate Remedies' nothing of this kind is to be said. It contains, as we may say, the raw material, ill handled, for two or three novels such as Mr. Hardy likes to write. The profuseness of the young inexperienced author is even more noticeable than certain crudities of treatment. Moreover, are we venturing too far when we conjecture that 'Desperate Remedies,' having been for some time written, and for one reason or another laid aside, has been drawn upon as accumulated stock-in-trade when the author afterwards came to write other tales? Witness the figure made both in this work and in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' by the architect's clerk. And for another small thing, observe the decisive part played in 'Desperate Remedies' by a pair of eyes which turn out not to be blue but black, and the discovery of whose real color is a key to an important mystery. For all reasons it seems clear that 'Desperate Remedies' is an early book which the success of its better-done successors has revivified; and much as we like to read Mr. Hardy's works, we are rather sorry that he did not follow 'Under the Greenwood Tree' with 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' and let the two others rest. We do not undertake in this short space to "appreciate" Mr. Hardy thoroughly; we should advise every one to read his books, particularly those who have become despondent and cynical about the modern novel, think that there are no materials in modern society for it, doubt if the sense of humor is not going out, feel serious apprehensions lest the next generation of Anglo-Saxon may be a debilitated race, "aimless, brainless, and passionless," with washed-out characters which can with difficulty be distinguished from one another, except with the aid of a powerful glass. Every one has his doubts now and then; but in reading even occasionally novels with the keen power of analysis, sense of humor, and discrimination of character and knowledge of life displayed by Mr. Hardy, we feel that the drama of the race is by no means played out yet.

The reader's recollection of 'Unawares' and 'A Rose Garden' will be a strong recommendation of the new novel, 'Thorpe Regis,' by the same author; but while there are qualities in the book that demand praise, it must be confessed that on the whole it is inferior to its predecessors. They showed some signs of what is most noticeable in this story—namely, more delicacy in certain little touches in the drawing of the characters, and more care in setting the scene before us, than ability to manage a long and rather intricate tale. It is just this sort of novel which shows how widespread is the habit of novel-writing, and to how vast an extent it has attracted the attention of many rather clever people, who, but for this occupation, would be idling or perhaps devoting themselves to missions or active good work. This wide-extended practice ensures a certain equality of merit in

many important particulars; many secrets of the art are familiar almost to beginners; hence there is hardly a novel (not absolutely poor) which does not show some pages of an excellence much greater than the total merit of the book. So much goes to the formation of a good novel that the reader is willing to forego a great deal for the sake of the enjoyment of certain qualities, and we rest content if in one we find a good study of such and such a character; in another, of another character; in a third, an exciting plot, and so on. In 'Thorpe Regis' we have many comparatively unimportant excellences that give the reader occasional glows of satisfaction, but the one main quality—interest—is lacking. The book is dull. This is the more striking because it is good in parts. There is a taking description of the village itself; the heroine is well drawn and there is a clever analysis, after the modern way, of her feelings, and those of the young man who torments himself and others, and who nearly marries the wrong girl, who also is a natural being. But when all is said in its praise that can be said—and we have not exhausted the possibilities—it yet remains true that the book is hard reading and commands only a languid attention.

But if 'Thorpe Regis' is called dull, what word is left that shall be decent and yet describe the quality of such novels as 'Bessie Wilmerton,' 'Old Fort Duquesne,' 'Gold and Dross,' and 'The Seven Gray Pilgrims'? 'Bessie Wilmerton' is a very modern novel, with the unrighteous bank president who defrauds, but who finally comes to shame; his daughter, who is not allowed to read the papers lest she get some inkling of the matter; and his son, who seemed to the governess "proud and cold, though visibly tortured by the secret pang. Prometheus, who had for a time forgotten the rock and the vulture, became sensible of his chain and the preying agony once more." The pang was the ill-advised conduct of the old gentleman.

'Fort Duquesne' is an historical novel, with the scene laid in what is now Pittsburgh, Pa., at the time of Braddock's defeat. The author puts in a claim for credit on the ground of having faithfully followed history, and of having carefully studied accuracy of local detail, and we believe that he is entitled to credit on this account. But in filling in his framework with the details, he has produced a fearful and wonderful book. It is very comical to hear the young Pennsylvanians, and Virginians, and Englishmen of the last century talking the language of the Old Bowery Theatre, and to see the dime-novel Indian fights and the other adventures of the curious beings who serve as characters. Altogether, it is a book that a boy may, we suppose, be allowed to read, and which we make no doubt that he will like if he is allowed to get at it; and we should think it might be of interest to the Pittsburgher, and to the illiterate Pittsburgher a source not only of pride but of entertainment and delight. But that it does more than show its author to be a lover of Cooper and Pittsburgh is what we will not affirm. George Washington, we must not forget to say, is introduced in the novel, and this is how the Father of his Country accosts General Braddock, on returning to service after a brief illness:

"General," laughingly replied Washington, "I would have been much worse had it not been for the James's pills you kindly forwarded me. They acted on my system like magic, restoring tone, and giving me at the same time strength and spirits."

As for the "beautiful illustrations" announced in the title-page, we doubt if imagination has taken a higher flight for some ages than when they were made the subject of self-gratulation. The pictures are, beyond question, the worst that can be found in the country except on walls and bill-boards.

'Gold and Dross' is by the writer whose *nom de plume* is Edward Garrett. It is a painful, disagreeable story of three girls living in London, one of whom goes to shame, another leads a life of virtuous poverty, while the third marries a man in the story who perhaps is the hero. What was the author's intention in writing his book it is not easy to make out. As a picture of life, it is dim and shadowy; as a warning to people, it is drowsily dull, and wholly uncalculated to be effective.

'The Seven Gray Pilgrims' labors under the disadvantage of being an attempt to convey to the reader, under the guise of fiction, a great deal of information about the miserable condition of Ireland. As a story, or rather a collection of stories, bound together by an accidental thread, it has the fault of not being interesting. With the best disposition in the world, it will be found hard to get entertainment from the book, which nevertheless shows very well the condition of that really unhappy country. The serious parts of the work are better reading than the rest.

The 'Wetherel Affair,' 'Pretty Mrs. Gaston,' 'Fettered for Life,' and 'John Andross' are all stories of modern American life, though of very different kinds. In the first the scene is laid principally near New Haven and in New York, and as some of the characters we have Nestoria Bernard, the innocent daughter of an Eastern missionary, recently returned to the United States from the Kurdish Mountains; the knowing, fast,

loquacious, audacious, and rather disagreeable girl of the period, taken in and nearly married by a Polish adventurer; the Polish adventurer himself, who is also a swindler and murderer, as it turns out; Edward Wetherel, the scapegrace, who, under the influence of Nestoria, reforms, takes to hard work, and becomes all that could be desired; old Judge Wetherel, the representative of the Puritan civilization, who is murdered by the count; Walter Lehning, the philosopher and thoughtful man, who appears to represent what might be called Concord in New York; an enterprising and queer young woman named Imogen Eleonore Jones, who befriends Nestoria in New York, where indeed the two support themselves together in obscurity for some time. The book is readable, and has a curious blending of the flavors of Emersonian philosophy, Long Island Sound steamboats, New England religion, and Newport fashion, which makes it undeniably American, though its character is perhaps a trifle too composite even for the composite civilization of that part of America which includes within its limits the suburbs of New Haven as well as New York and Newport.

'Pretty Mrs. Gaston' is more confined in its range; for here we have only a picture of American life in that part of Virginia which keeps up a good many English traditions, has large manors, hunts the fox, lives in a good deal of provincial state, and, we fear we must confess, is more genuinely polite to "the ladies" than either the transatlantic branch of the English race or the offshoot which has taken root further north. Mr. Cooke is well-known as a writer of considerable cleverness; he has a narrative gift which stands him in good stead in such a story as that of 'Mrs. Gaston,' and we should say, with cultivation, might be turned to good account in more ambitious fields, as indeed it was in Mr. Cooke's life of "Stonewall" Jackson.

'Fettered for Life' is a story of woman's wrongs. The scene is laid partly in the New York of Ring police-courts and stuffed ballot-boxes, hired braves and general corruption; and also in the New York of Fifth Avenue, the gay saloons of the wealthy, haughty, and prosperous but unfeeling leaders of society. The story is designed to illustrate the tyranny of the stronger over the weaker sex, and points to the ballot as a remedy for the ills it describes; but it seems to us that most of the difficulties with which the heroine entangles herself are of a kind that naturally spring from a want of education or common sense. This young lady, who is a graduate of the Essex Academy or Institute, runs away to New York, and, on finding herself all alone and in need of a night's lodging, puts herself in charge of a policeman, who of course takes her to the station-house. There she passes a very disagreeable night, and in the morning is dragged before the unreformed Police Justice with the abandoned characters who come up every morning in these degraded places for punishment. She tells her story, and of course is discharged; but the judge is much struck with her beautiful face, and, being a typical member of the judiciary of Tweed's time, a low and sensual judge, determines to make violent love to her. He therefore recommends her to a lodging-house of bad character, which is kept by one of his henchmen, and she, like a born fool, goes off with this ruffian, and so gets herself into more trouble. She is rescued by a noble young journalist, who is in reality a woman, but who has adopted man's attire because the prejudice against woman is so great in New York as practically to exclude her from any honorable calling, and who, by the long-continued practice of The Profession, has made a mark for herself which, had she retained the costume of her sex, would have been utterly impossible. The rescued heroine, after making various attempts at getting a living, which fail miserably, in the end solves the woman question by marrying the hero, whose jealous suspicions of the young journalist are removed on the discovery of the latter's sex. The book gives what might be called a vivid picture of life in Avenue A, and a most shocking account of the mercenary code which governs life in other parts of New York; but we may say that it points to a very low state of practical information and good sense among the graduates of the Essex Seminary.

'John Andross,' it is hardly necessary to say, is a stronger and more real story than any of the others just mentioned. It is very painful, and gives a picture of life in Pennsylvania which is far from attractive. As an illustration of the effect on social life of the exorbitant tax on distilled liquors, it cannot be too highly praised, but it was not intended, probably, to illustrate anything of the kind. The principal characters are the "Whiskey Thieves," i. e., the gentlemen who engaged a few years ago in the illicit manufacture of whiskey. These manufacturers are represented by Mrs. Davis as having held complete control a few years ago of the government of the State, as having dictated appointments, abated taxes, passed and repealed laws, murdered their enemies, and enriched their friends and themselves *ad libitum*. John Andross is a good-natured, clever, bright man who, early in life, fell into the hands of the Whiskey Ring, and there is a terrible battle

between his ambition and love on the one hand, and his conscience on the other, in consequence. His conscience wins the victory, and, in the tragical climax of the wretched story, he sacrifices his life in saving that of the girl for whom he had not sacrificed his honor.

Pre-Historic Man—Darwinism and Deity—The Mound Builders. By M. F. Force. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1873. 8vo, pp. 87.)—In this handsome pamphlet Judge Force has given to the public the contents of three papers read by him before the Cincinnati Literary Club. He was not mistaken in thinking them worth publication. The first and third are careful and interesting statements of existing knowledge upon the subject of which they treat, and are thorough digests of information such as any reader of general culture, without opportunity to study more elaborate treatises, may well be pleased to possess. The essay upon the "Mound Builders" contains, besides an excellent summary of what is known concerning this extinct race, some results of Judge Force's own studies, which give to it an independent value.

The view taken by Judge Force of Darwinism is that of a liberal man, of strong theistic convictions, inclined to believe that the Darwinian theory, so called, is but a temporary and provisional expedient, and confident that "if the law of selection be a true law of nature, yet it and all the laws of nature are only formulas expressing human apprehensions of the way in which the Creator carries on the universe." In the first sentence of his paper on this subject Judge Force shows himself to have accepted the popular but an incorrect view of Mr. Darwin's own position. He says: "Darwin claims to have established the existence of a law of nature which regulates the progressive appearance on earth of the diversified forms of life." But this is not exactly what Mr. Darwin claims. He closes the introduction to his 'Origin of Species' with the following words: "Although much remains obscure, and will long remain obscure, I can entertain no doubt, after the most deliberate study and dispassionate judgment of which I am capable, that the view which most naturalists entertain, and which I formerly entertained—namely, that each species has been independently created—is erroneous. I am fully convinced that species are not immutable. . . . Furthermore, I am con-

vinced that natural selection has been the main but not exclusive means of modification." And, so far as we are aware, Mr. Darwin has nowhere made a claim beyond what is implied in these words, namely, to have pointed out the *main but not the exclusive means* of the modification of species.

The general course of Judge Force's argument is not affected by his overstatement of Mr. Darwin's. Such essays as these are not only proofs of the writer's own ability and intelligence, but are excellent indications of the culture of the community to which he belongs.

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THE WEEK IN TRADE AND FINANCE.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1874.

THE tendency of the money market continues towards greater ease, the rates on call loans during the past week having ruled between 2 and 4 per cent., with the greater amount of business transacted at 3 per cent. Exceptional loans are reported as low as 1 per cent. Time loans remain at the rates quoted last week. Commercial paper passes freely at 5 to 7 per cent. for prime names, with a limited supply of this grade offering. The want of use for money for either legitimate business or speculative purposes is the reason for its unusual abundance, even at this season, on the "Street." From present appearances, the situation is very likely to remain as it is until the fall, when the usual demand to "move the crops" will start the market again into life.

The bank statement for the week ending May 16 was very favorable, as appears by a comparison of the averages of the past two weeks, which were as follows:

	May 9.	May 16.	Differences.
Loans.....	\$286,503,600	\$284,587,500	Dec... \$1,916,100
Specie	27,305,500	27,301,600*	Dec... 3,900
Legal tenders.....	55,798,000	57,100,370	Inc... 1,302,300
Deposits.....	236,236,700	236,793,000	Inc... 158,300
Circulation.....	26,922,240	26,923,900	Inc... 1,700

The following shows the relation between the total reserve and the total liabilities:

	May 9.	May 16.	Differences.
Specie	\$27,305,500	\$27,301,600	Dec... \$3,900
Legal tenders.....	55,798,000	57,100,300	Inc... 1,302,300
Total reserve.....	\$83,103,500	\$84,401,900	Inc... \$1,298,400
Circulation.....	26,922,200	26,923,900	Inc... 1,700
Deposits.....	236,236,700	236,395,900	Inc... 158,300
Total liabilities.....	\$363,158,900	\$363,318,900	Inc... \$160,000
25 per cent. reserve.....	65,789,725	65,829,725	
Excess over 25 per cent. reserve.....	17,818,775	18,572,175	Inc... 1,258,400

The stock market was dull during the greater part of the week, with the tendency of prices downwards. The highest prices of the week were on Monday, since which time the market has given way under repeated attacks made by the "bears," who were not long in ascertaining that there was little support to it outside of a few weak operators at the Stock Exchange. The speculative market stands greatly in need just now of outside support and *fresh capital*, and until both are obtained the prospect for business in Wall Street for the brokers is anything but encouraging. At present the prices of stocks seem inclined to fall off, as if endeavoring to find a point at which outside parties might be influenced to come in and purchase.

To-day (Monday) prices are at the lowest point since our last report; Western Union closing at 69½, Pacific Mail at 41½, Lake Shore at 74½, New

York Central at 96½, Union Pacific at 26½, Wabash at 36½, Northwestern Common at 40½, and St. Paul Common at 32.

The following shows the highest and lowest sales of the leading stocks at the Stock Exchange for the week ending Saturday, May 16, 1874:

	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Sales.				
N. Y. C. & H. R. R.	95½	91½	27%	93	97½	91½	97½	97½	97½	21,100	
Lake Shore.....	76½	71½	16	76½	75½	75½	76½	75½	76½	15,600	
Kris.....	35	36½	35½	35½	35	35½	35	35½	35	19,100	
American Pacific.....	29½	30½	24½	28	29½	28½	28½	27½	28½	17,600	
Chi. & N. W.	43½	42½	42½	41	41½	42½	41½	42½	43½	25,500	
Do. pfd.	63	61	61	60½	60½	61	61½	61½	61½	1,100	
N. J. Central.....	105½	106	106	105½	105	105½	105½	105½	105	400	
Rock Island.....	97½	98½	96½	97½	97½	97	97	97½	97½	25,300	
Mil. & St. Paul.....	34½	3½	33	34½	33½	34	33½	33½	33½	34,800	
Do. pfd.	55	53	53	52½	52½	53	53	53	53	1,200	
Wabash.....	59	40½	38½	39½	37½	38	36½	37½	38½	38,900	
D. L. & W.....	107½	109	107½	107½	107½	107½	107½	107½	107½	3,000	
O. & M. & W.....	24	24	22½	24	22½	23½	22½	23	21	23,200	
C. C. & I. C. & W.....	20	20	19½	20½	19½	19½	19½	19	19	19,200	
Harlem.....	128½	127½	128	129	129	128	128	128	128	900	
W. U. Tel. & C. & P. Co.	71½	72½	70½	71½	70½	71½	70½	71½	70½	237,200	
Pacific Mail.....	44½	45½	4½	44½	43½	44½	42½	43½	43½	43½	10,400

A fair amount of business is reported by the dealers in Government bonds. The principal demand has come from home investors, under which prices have been well maintained. Towards the close of the week the firmer tone to the gold market imparted considerable activity to bonds, as it brought into the market some of the foreign bankers as buyers. The following are the closing quotations to-day:

U. S. 6's of 1881.....	121½@121½	U. S. 5-20, 1867	120½@120½
U. S. 5-20, 1862.....	115 @115½	U. S. 5-20, 1868.....	120½@120½
U. S. 5-20, 1864.....	116½@117	U. S. 5's, 10-40.....	114½@115
U. S. 5-20, 1865, May and Nov.....	117½@118½	U. S. 5's of 1881.....	115½@115½
U. S. 5-20, 1865, Jan. and July.....	119½@119½	U. S. Currency 6's.....	116½@116½

The Comptroller of Tennessee has given notice that the July interest will be paid on the funded and registered bonds of that State when due. The Virginia Board of Finance will pay 2 per cent. on the 6 per cent. and 1½ per cent. on the 5 per cent. stock issued under act of March 30, 1871, and the same rate on two-thirds of the face of the stock not funded.

The gold market, like that for stocks, has been dull; the fluctuations have been unimportant. On Friday there was a rise in the premium, caused by the engagements of gold for shipment by Saturday's steamers being unexpectedly large, which carried the price up to 112½. On Thursday, the Treasury sold \$1,000,000 gold at prices ranging between 112·05 and 112·10. During the week the quotations ranged between 111½ and 112½. The total specie shipments for the week amount to \$2,665,000, making the total amount shipped since the commencement of the year, in round figures, \$16,000,000, against \$19,000,000 for the same period in 1873 and \$18,000,000 in 1872.

The trade imports for the week ending on Saturday were \$7,523,869, of which amount \$1,612,139 consisted of dry goods and the remainder of general merchandise. The exports for the week amount to \$4,454,367, currency valuation.

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